



No. 116

Ten Cents

JAN.
1948



ACTION COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

SUPERMAN
BATTLES HIS
OLD ENEMY
WOLFINGHAM
IN AN
UNUSUAL ADVENTURE

"THE WIZARD
OF WINTER"



SUPERMAN

by
JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

THE LEGENDARY SALESMAN WHO RETAILED REFRIGERATORS TO ESKIMOS WAS A PIKER BESIDE THAT KING OF OLD-TIME CONFIDENCE MEN, WILBUR WOLFGINGHAM. PALM TREES AT THE NORTH POLE ARE HIS STOCK-IN-TRADE—AND WHEN A PRANK OF FATE MAKES SUPERMAN HIMSELF AN INVOLUNTARY PARTY TO THE NEFARIOUS SCHEME, THE MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW FACES ONE OF THE MOST FANTASTIC PROBLEMS OF HIS CAREER AS HE MEETS—

"The WIZARD of WINTER!"



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PROSPERITY AND WILBUR WOLFINGHAM, FLIMFLAM ARTIST, HAVE DRIFTED FAR APART LATELY...



AND, HAUNTED BY THE SPECTER OF HONEST WORK, HE IS DRIVEN TO DESPERATE MEASURES.



MONTHS PASS
... AND WE
FIND CLARK
KENT COM-
PLETING A
TRAIL-BLAZING
FLIGHT FOR
A NEW AIRLINE
ACROSS THE
TOP OF THE
WORLD!

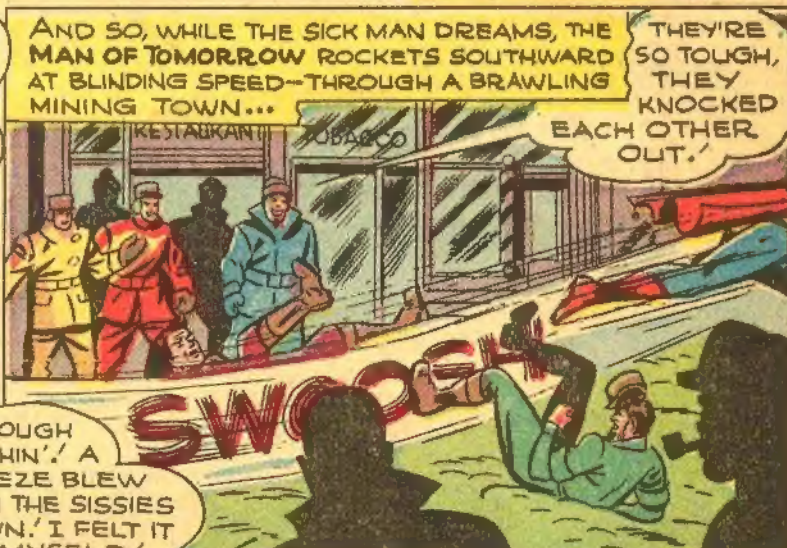


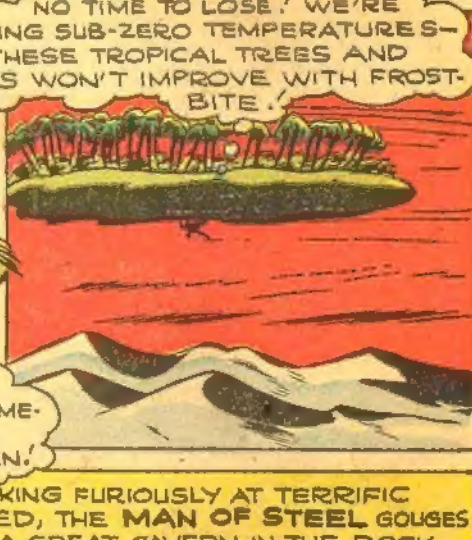
THE SHIP
CIRCLES
HELPLESSLY
OVER TWO
DARK SPOTS
IN THE VAST
WHITE
PLAIN—
AND
RESUMES
ITS COURSE!

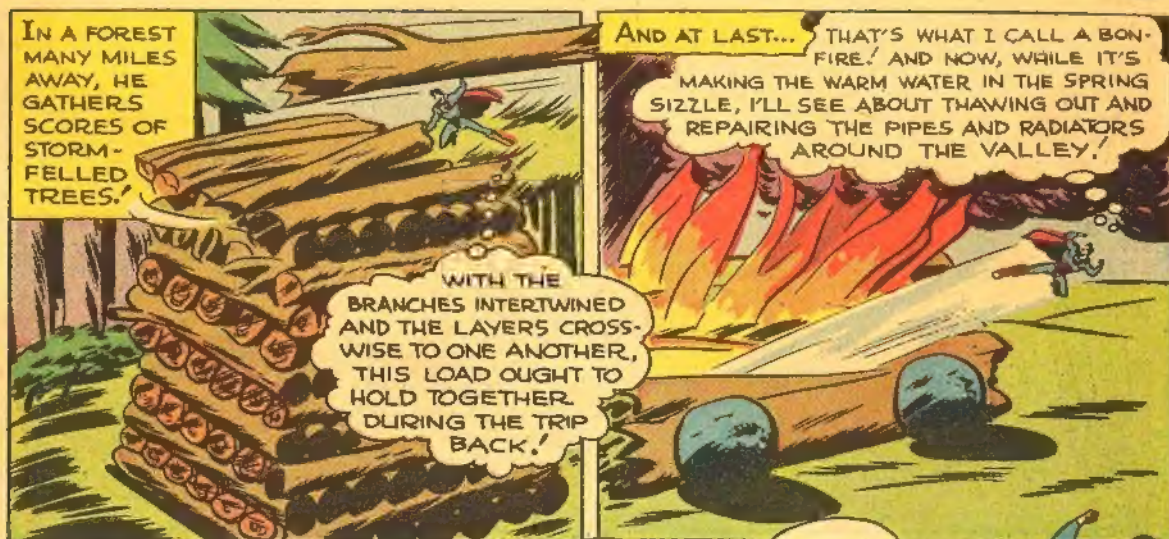
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BUT WHILE SUPERMAN IS TELEPHONING, MULDOON—WHO SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN A NEW LEASE ON LIFE—BUSIES HIMSELF WITH A RADIO SET THE MAN OF TOMORROW OVERLOOKED.

“AH—IT’S IN WORKING ORDER! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO TELL THE WORLD THAT MIRACLE JACK HAS DONE IT AGAIN—WITH, OF COURSE, CONSIDERABLE HELP!”



AS A RESULT, WHEN THE DAILY PLANET’S BITTEREST RIVAL COMES OUT...

ASTOUNDING! INCREDIBLE!... THIS WILL GIVE ME THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME!



PRESENTLY POSTERS APPEAR EVERYWHERE!

LUCKY I RETAINED A HALF INTEREST IN THAT CLAIM! WITH SUPERMAN’S NAME LINKED TO IT, I OUGHT TO CLEAN UP A COOL MILLION!



AND EARLY NEXT DAY, THE RUSH IS ON!

THIS IS EVERY PENNY I COULD SCRAPE UP! ARE YOU QUITE SURE I CAN MAKE A LIVING UP THERE IN THE NORTH?

MY DEAR LADY, THE LAND IS FULL OF GOLD! YOU NEED ONLY DIVE INTO YOUR SWIMMING POOL TO GATHER NUGGETS!



NOT ALL CALLERS ARE CUSTOMERS, HOWEVER...

I HAVE BUSINESS WITH YOU, WILBUR WOLFINGHAM—AND IT ISN’T BUYING!

EH?... MY DEAR MISS LANE! STEP RIGHT INTO MY PRIVATE OFFICE, IF YOU PLEASE!



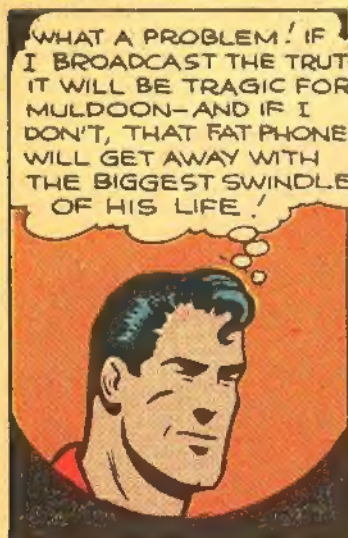
SUPERMAN TOLD ME IT’S ONLY A TEMPORARY THING—THAT IT WILL ALL BE WORTHLESS SNOW AND ICE AGAIN! SO IF YOU DON’T RETURN THE MONEY YOU’VE TAKEN FROM THESE GULLIBLE PEOPLE—

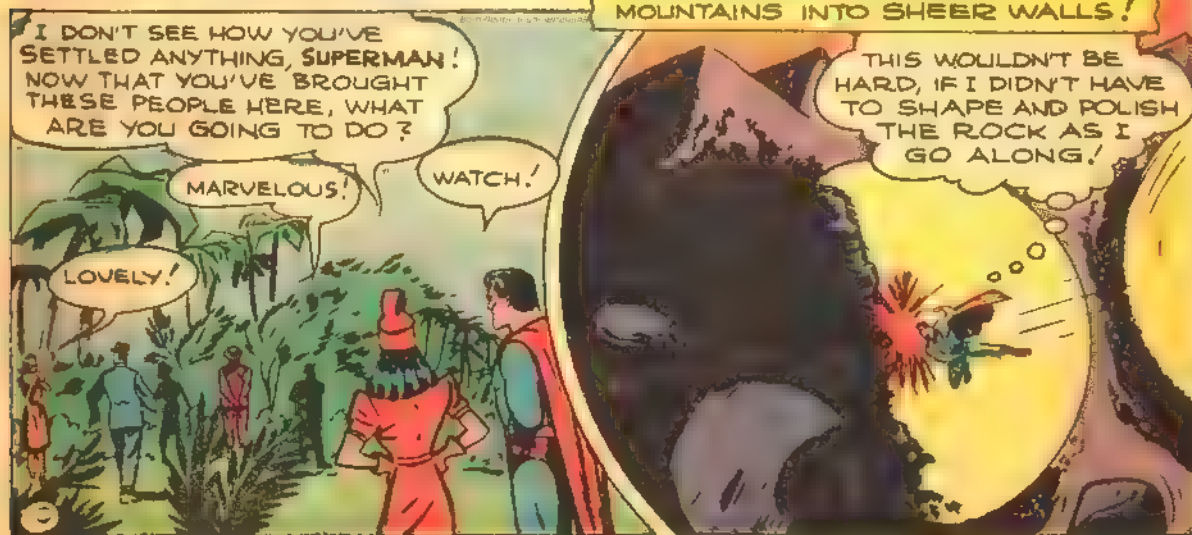
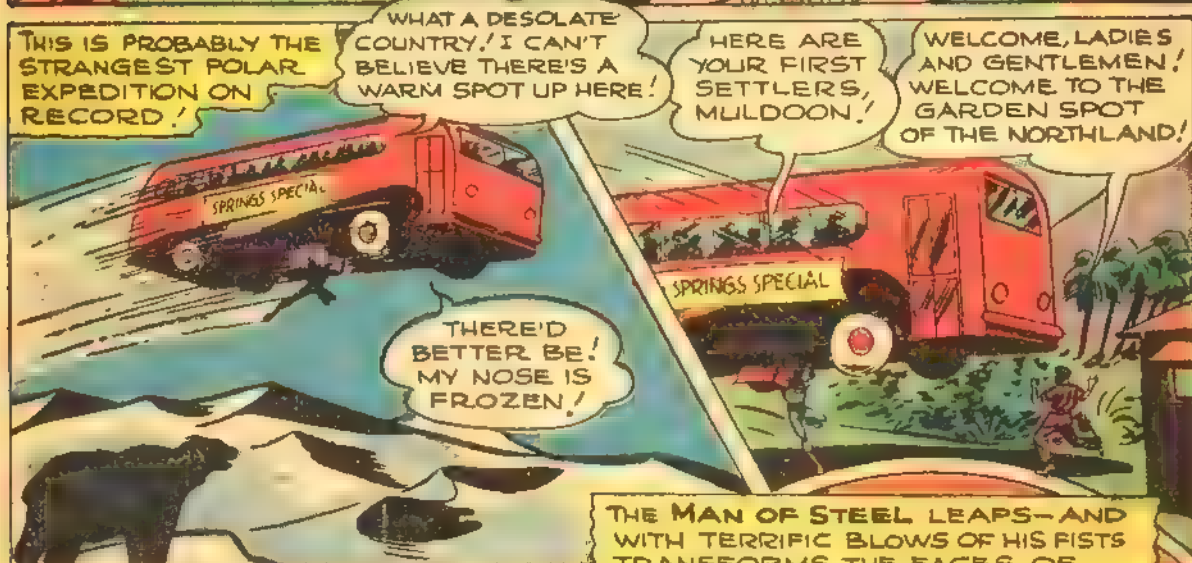
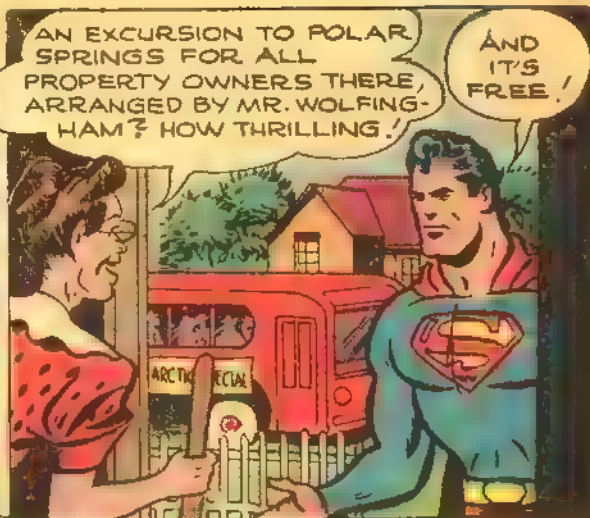
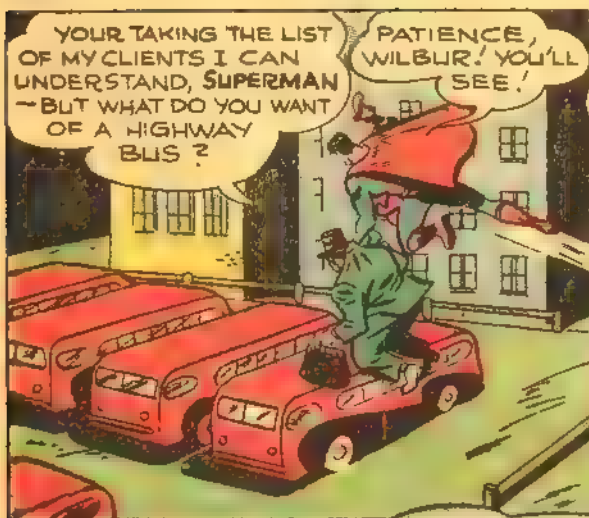
THANK YOU, MISS LANE! I’M GLAD YOU TOLD ME!



I SHALL SEE THAT YOU TELL NO ONE ELSE! NOW I SHALL CONTINUE TO PLUCK THE SILLY GEESE OF METROPOLIS UNTIL I HAVE SOLD EVERY INCH OF THAT ARCTIC VALLEY AT FANCY PRICES!



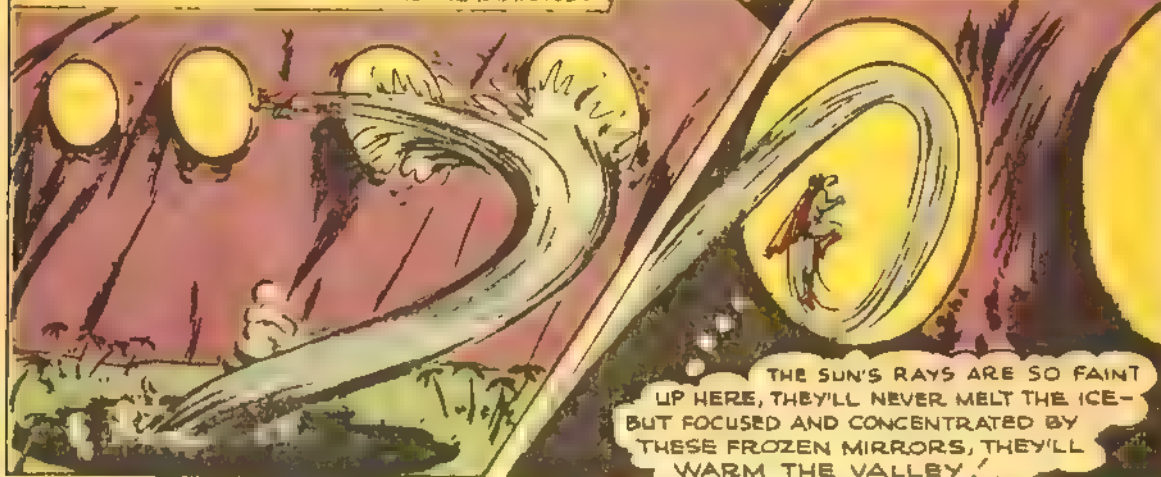






A SPEED-CREATED VACUUM PIPES A COLUMN OF WATER TO DRENCH THE SMOOTH ROCK-FACES- AND FREEZES AN INSTANT LATER, BEING DISTANT FROM THE HEATED RADIATORS!

AND NOW- A FINAL POLISHING!

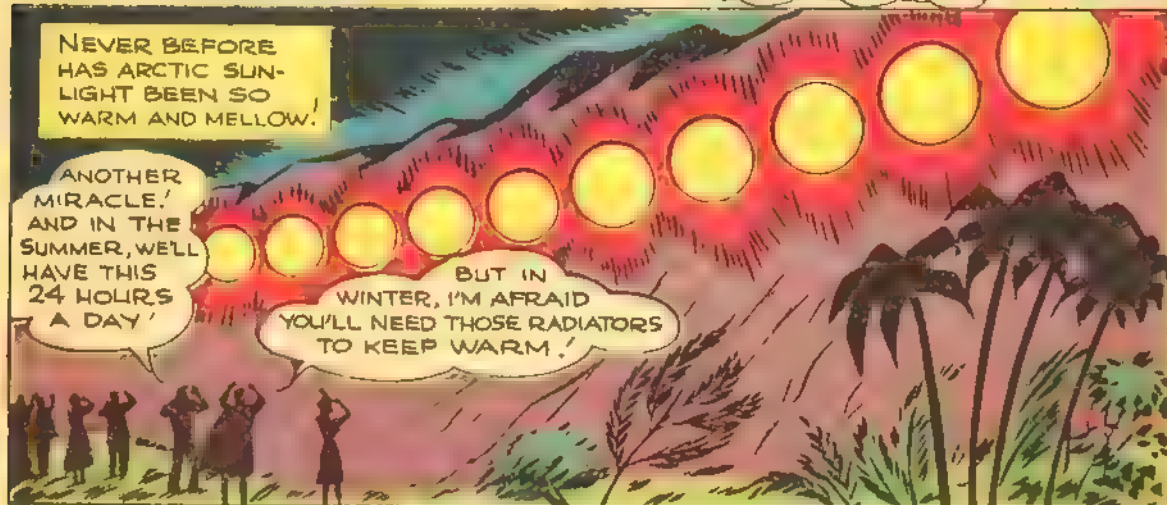


THE SUN'S RAYS ARE SO FAINT UP HERE, THEY'LL NEVER MELT THE ICE- BUT FOCUSED AND CONCENTRATED BY THESE FROZEN MIRRORS, THEY'LL WARM THE VALLEY!

NEVER BEFORE HAS ARCTIC SUN-LIGHT BEEN SO WARM AND MELLOW!

ANOTHER MIRACLE! AND IN THE SUMMER, WE'LL HAVE THIS 24 HOURS A DAY!

BUT IN WINTER, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL NEED THOSE RADIATORS TO KEEP WARM!



YOU KNOW, SUPERMAN, I'M NOT GOING TO DIE AFTER YOUR MIND. ALL! HOW CAN I, WHEN I MUST RAISE MONEY FOR DEVELOPING THIS PLACE?

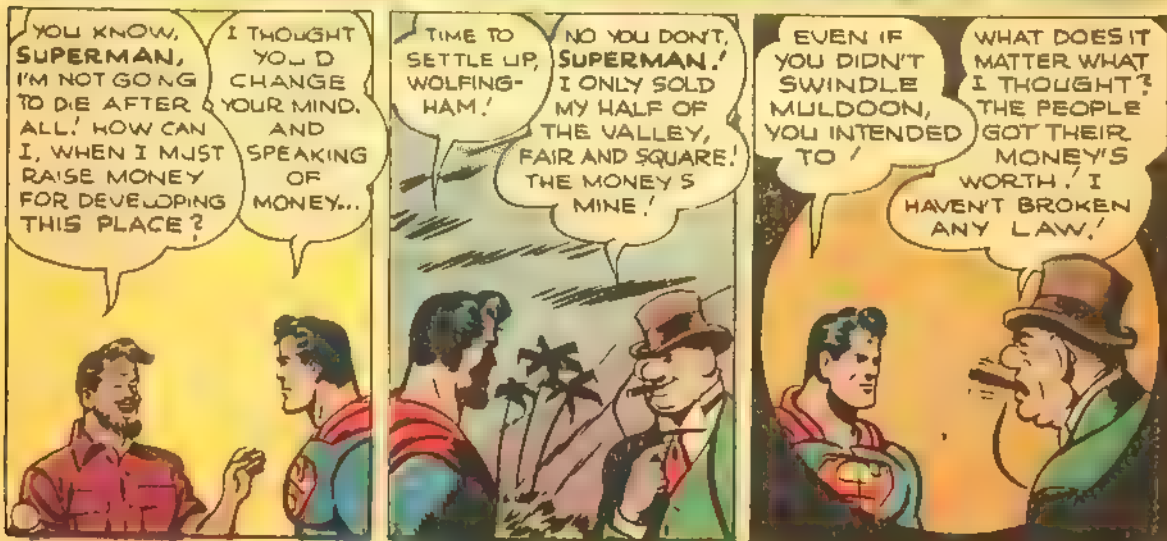
I THOUGHT YOU'D CHANGE YOUR MIND. AND SPEAKING OF MONEY...

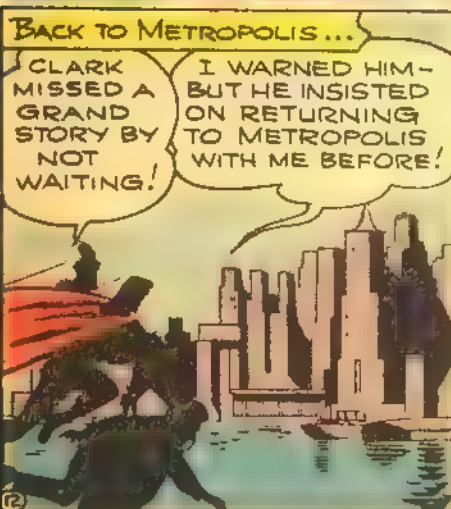
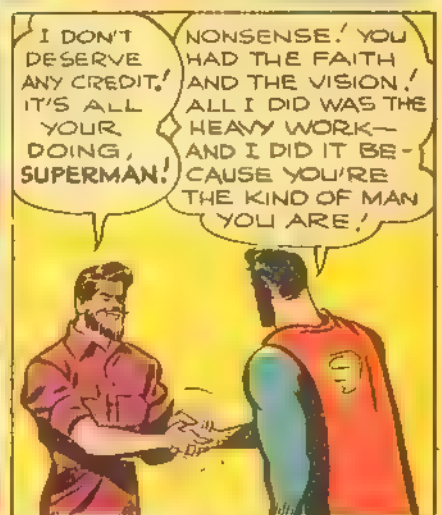
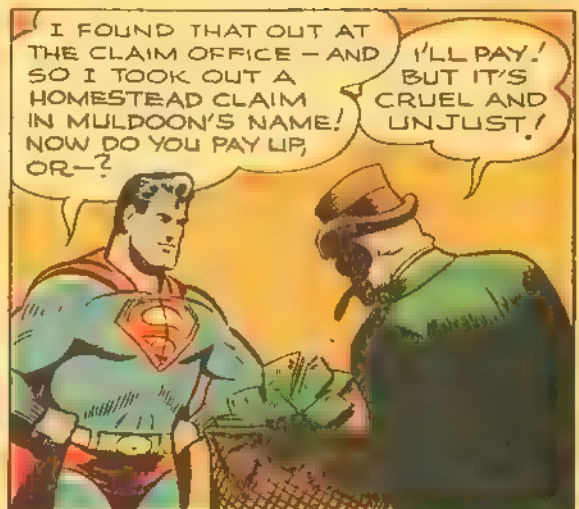
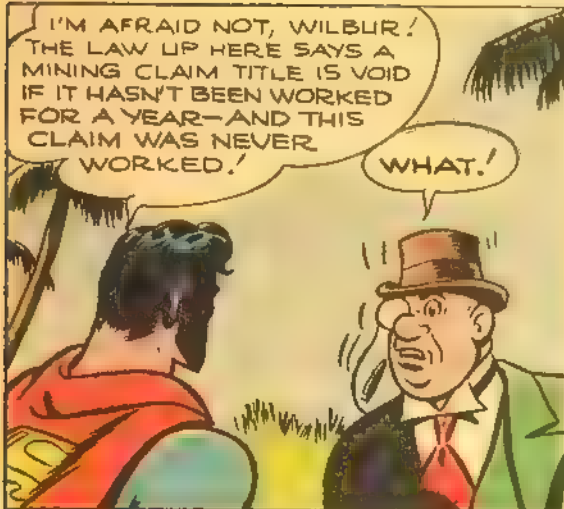
TIME TO SETTLE UP, WOLFING-HAM!

NO YOU DON'T, SUPERMAN! I ONLY SOLD MY HALF OF THE VALLEY, FAIR AND SQUARE! THE MONEY'S MINE!

EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T SWINDLE MULDOON, YOU INTENDED TO!

WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHAT I THOUGHT? THE PEOPLE GOT THEIR MONEY'S WORTH! I HAVEN'T BROKEN ANY LAW!





For More Thrilling Stories of the MAN OF STEEL Read WORLD'S FINEST COMICS and SUPERMAN

ADVERTISEMENT

EASY NEW WHEATIES CONTEST!

WIN →

ONE OF THESE 1,112 Admiral RADIO- PHONOGRAPHS

RADIO-
PHONOGRAPH
ALL MY OWN!

JUST PICK A NAME FOR THIS ADMIRAL RADIO-PHONOGRAPH!

FOLLOW EASY CONTEST RULES. Just choose a name! Remember how they name new models of cars, etc. For this Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combination, you might pick the name "Fun Maker," or "Record Champ," or "Music King."

First thing you think of may win you one of these 1,112 Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combinations! More than \$111,000 worth offered!

SEND SEVERAL ENTRIES

Get Mom and Pop to help. Try Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Include one Wheaties boxtop with each entry. Entries must be postmarked by midnight, Sunday, Dec. 7, and received by Dec. 29, 1947. Mail an entry today!

IT'S FUN
PLAYING RECORDS!

THEY ALL COME
TO MY HOUSE!

1. **Combination Radio-Phonograph!** You get a radio plus a record player, in one machine.
2. **Automatic Record Changer!** Plays twelve 10" or ten 12" records - only 5 seconds to change.
3. **Expensive model!** Manufacturer's current retail list price for this Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combination is actually \$100.45!
4. **Keen looking!** Modern walnut veneer cabinet, full 17" wide, 17 1/2" deep, 12 3/4" high.
5. **Easy on records!** Light tone arm for longer record life. Precious Jewel Needle.

Mr.'s. current
retail list price
\$100.45

package, to Wheaties, Dept. C, Box 8440, Chicago, Ill.
4. All entries must be postmarked by midnight, Sunday, Dec. 7, and received by Dec. 29, 1947.
5. Include a Wheaties boxtop with each entry. All entries become property of General Mills, Inc.
6. Contest judged on aptness, uniqueness and originality by Professor Lloyd D. Herrold of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. His decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Mail a stamped, self-addressed envelope to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 280, Minneapolis 2, Minn., for list of winners.
7. Contest open to all residents of U.S., its territories and possessions, except employees of General Mills & Knox Reeves Advertising, Inc.

1. Think of a name for this Admiral radio-phonograph.
2. Print name you choose on entry blank or one side of plain paper. Add your own name and complete address.
3. Mail entry, with top of a Wheaties

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

**WHEATIES, DEPT. C.
BOX 8440, CHICAGO, ILL.**

I enclose one Wheaties boxtop. The name I choose for this Admiral Radio-Phonograph Combination is: _____

My Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____

State _____

CLIP & MAIL TODAY!

PLEASE PRINT

Favorite
YOUR CRIME-SMASHER
RADIO NOW in a
COMICS MAGAZINE!



COME ALONG ON
 THE TORTUOUS
 CRIME-TRAIL
 AS HARD-HITTING

**MR.
 DISTRICT
 ATTORNEY**
 CRACKS DOWN
 ON THE
 TRIGGER-HAPPY
 MADMEN OF
 GANGLAND!

PAGE AFTER PAGE
 OF THRILLS & ACTION!
 EXCITEMENT! IN THIS
 BRAND-NEW MAGAZINE
 BASED ON RADIO'S No. 1
 COPS AND ROBBERS
 WHIRLWIND!



ON SALE NOV. 14th Everywhere!



CONGO BILL

TRAPPING WILD BEASTS IN THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF AFRICA IS ONE THING. TRAPPING THEM IN THE HEART OF AN EVERY-DAY AMERICAN CITY IS QUITE ANOTHER—AS GLOBE-TROTTING CONGO BILL WELL KNOWS WHEN HE FEARLESSLY BAITS A TRAP WITH HIS OWN LIFE IN HIS GRIM DETERMINATION TO...

"Take 'Em Alive!"



IN THE OFFICE OF THE GLENN BARTON CIRCUS SHOWS, CONGO BILL VISITS THE BROTHER OF AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE...

I MET GLENN IN AFRICA. HE HELPED HIM TRAP MANY OF HIS ANIMALS. HOW IS HE?

HE DIED RECENTLY. I'M RODNEY, HIS BROTHER. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CARRY ON FOR HIS DAUGHTER, JOAN, BUT IT'S TOUGH, BILL...

"IN CULVER, OUR SIDESHOW FREAK TENT WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE..."

**FIRE!
HELP!**

**SAVE
ME!**

THIS IS TERRIBLE! HALF OF THE EXHIBITS ARE TRAPPED IN THERE!

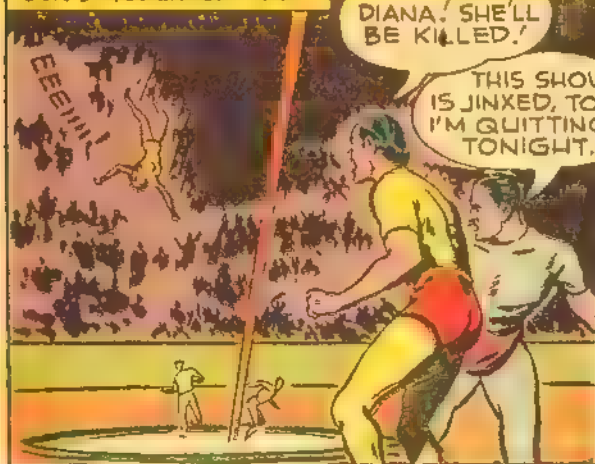




ACTION COMICS



"IN LEHIGH, A FATAL TRAPEZE ACCIDENT COST US OUR STAR PERFORMER!..



DIANA! SHE'LL BE KILLED!

THIS SHOW IS JINXED, TOM! I'M QUITTING TONIGHT!

YES, OUR SHOW IS JINXED, CONGO BILL! WE'VE HAD HARD LUCK— EH? WHAT'S THAT?



THE MENAGERIE TENT COLLAPSED! THE ANIMALS ARE LOOSE!

WHILE OUTSIDE... THE LION IS LOOSE! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



AAAAARRRH!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, SHERIFF!



RUN!

NO! NO! DON'T SHOOT HIM!

AAAAARRRH!

POOR SULTAN! HE'S DEAD—AND HE WAS AS HARMLESS AS A KITTEN. HE WOULDN'T HURT ANYONE!



TOO BAD YOU COULDN'T SAVE HIM, CONGO BILL!



CONGO BILL! YOU WERE DAD'S FRIEND! PLEASE SAVE MY ANIMALS. DON'T LET THEM A.L. BE KILLED



ACTION COMICS



SUDDENLY, AN AFRICAN WART-HOG CHARGES BLINDLY ACROSS THE GROUNDS...

LOOK OUT!

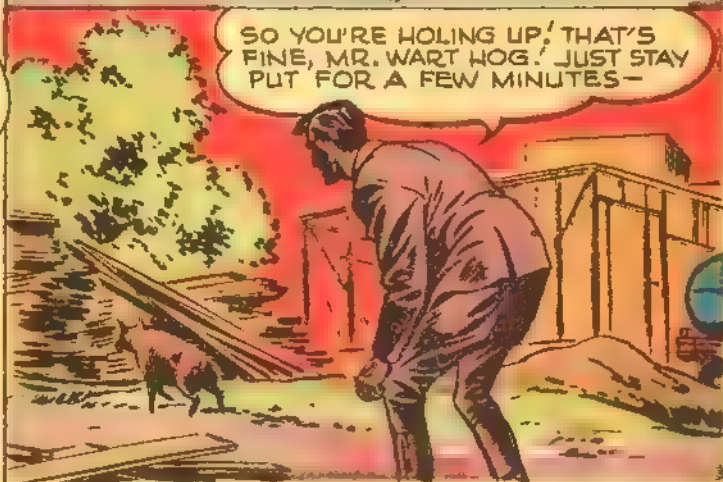
DON'T SHOOT, SHERIFF. I'LL CATCH HIM WITHOUT A GUN-ALIVE!

BUT HOW, MAN? HOW??

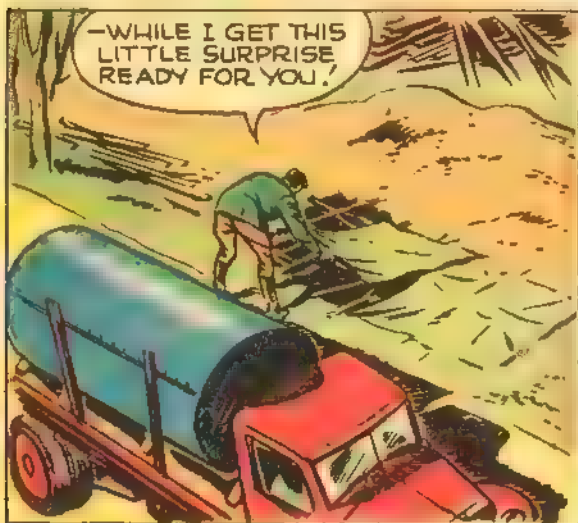


A WILD CHASE ACROSS TOWN, AND THEN...

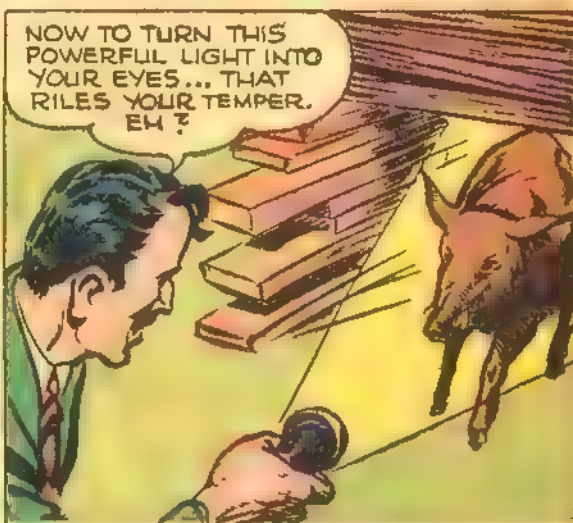
SO YOU'RE HOLING UP! THAT'S FINE, MR. WART HOG! JUST STAY PUT FOR A FEW MINUTES—



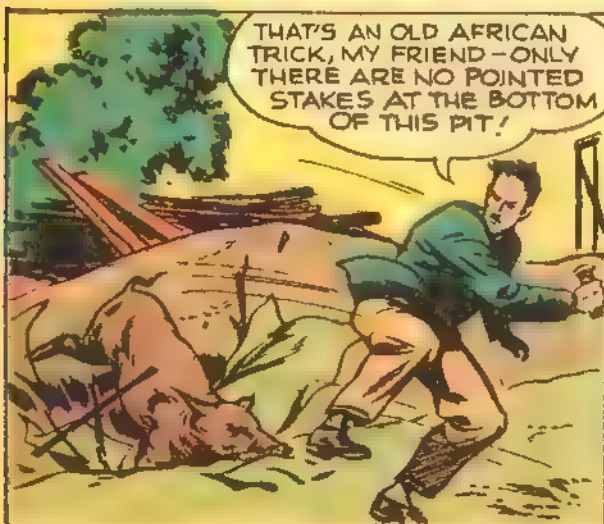
—WHILE I GET THIS LITTLE SURPRISE READY FOR YOU!



NOW TO TURN THIS POWERFUL LIGHT INTO YOUR EYES... THAT RILES YOUR TEMPER. EH?

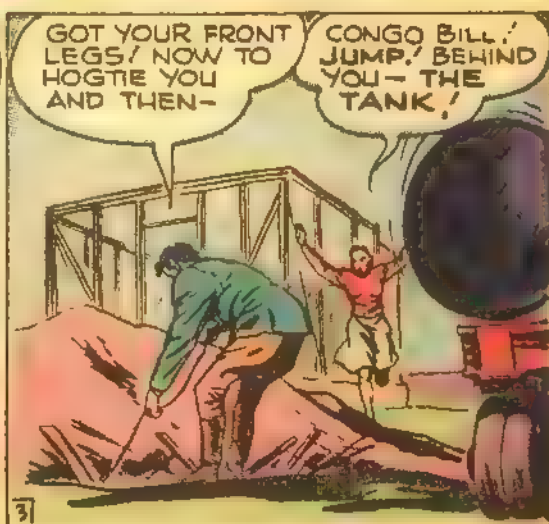


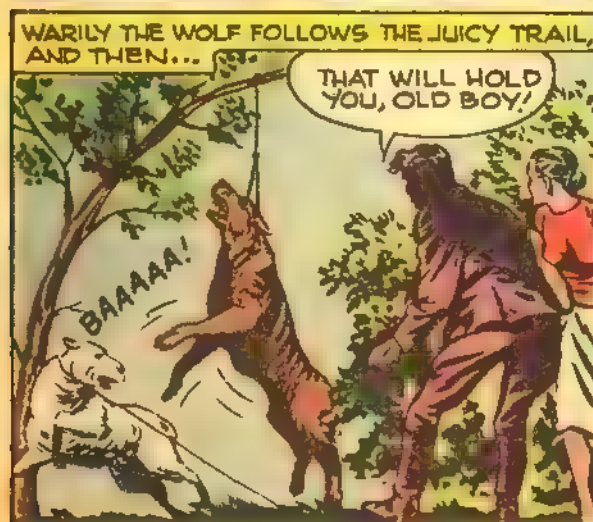
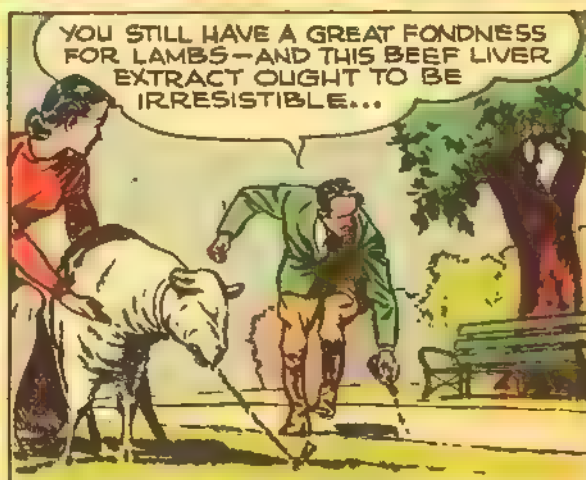
THAT'S AN OLD AFRICAN TRICK, MY FRIEND—ONLY THERE ARE NO POINTED STAKES AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PIT!

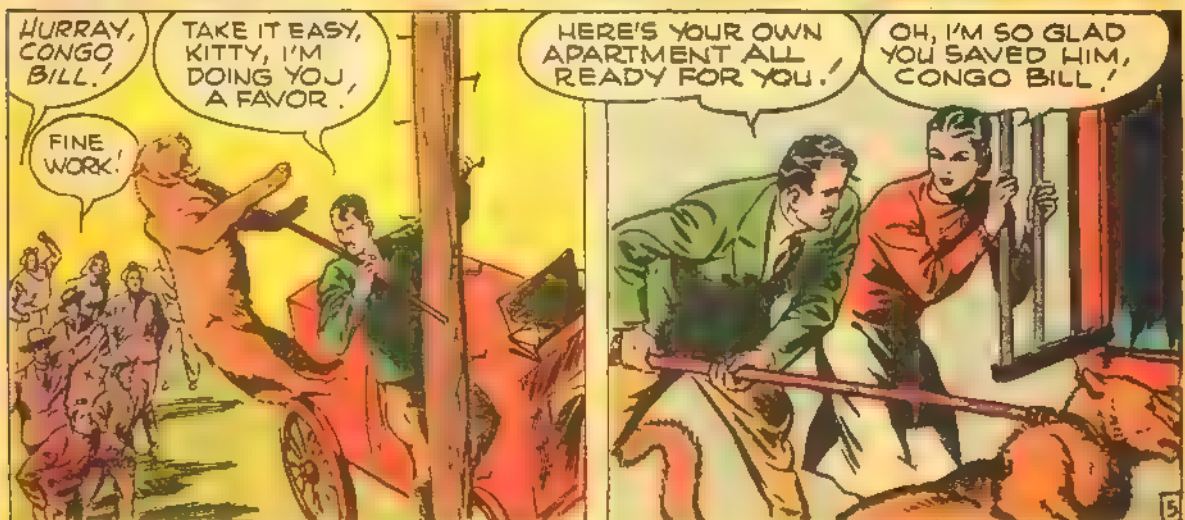
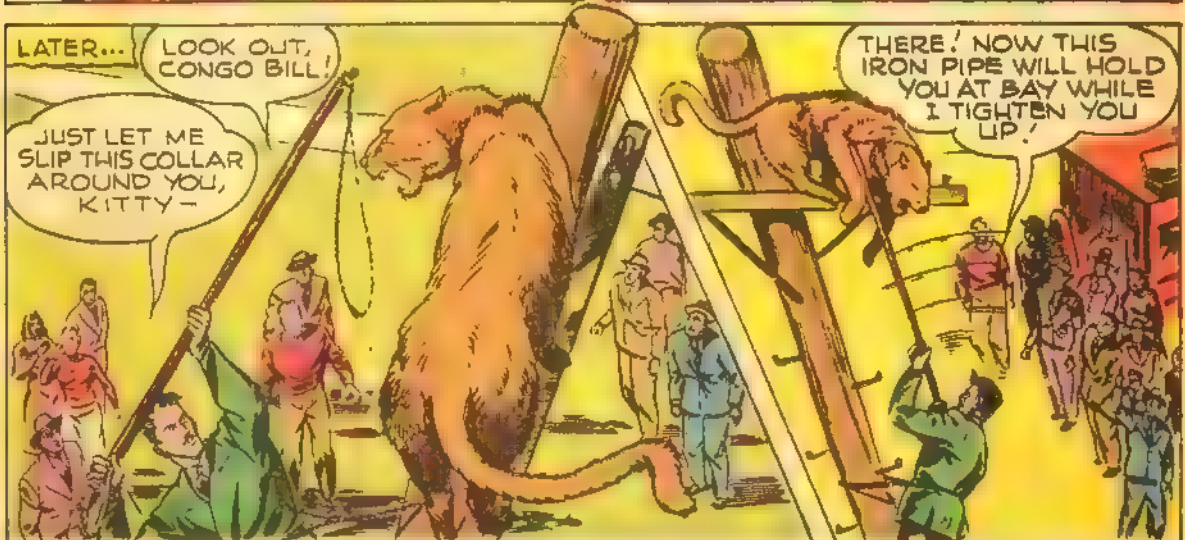
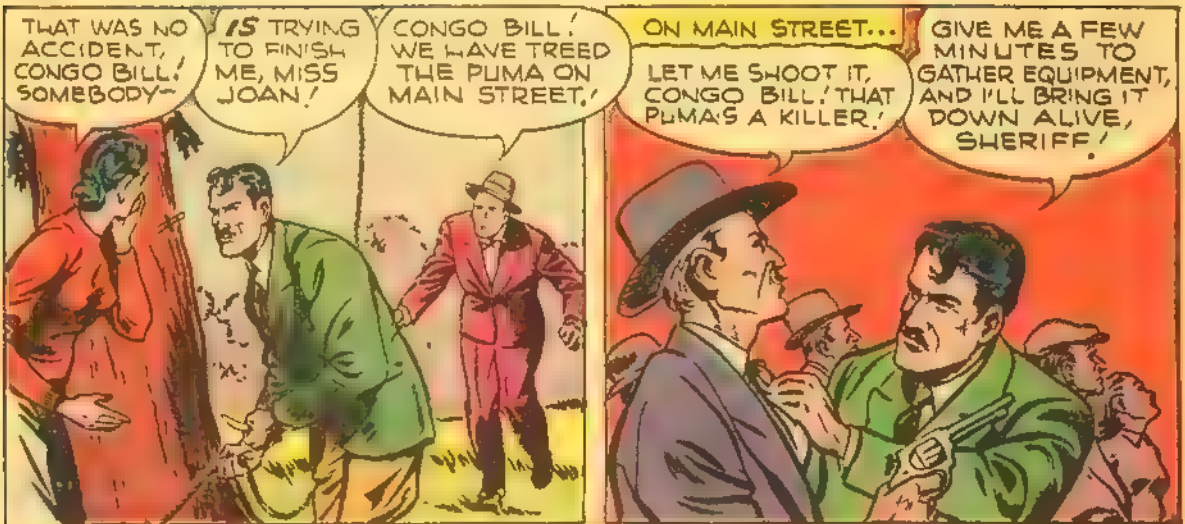


GOT YOUR FRONT LEGS! NOW TO HOGTIE YOU AND THEN—

CONGO BILL! JUMP! BEHIND YOU— THE TANK!

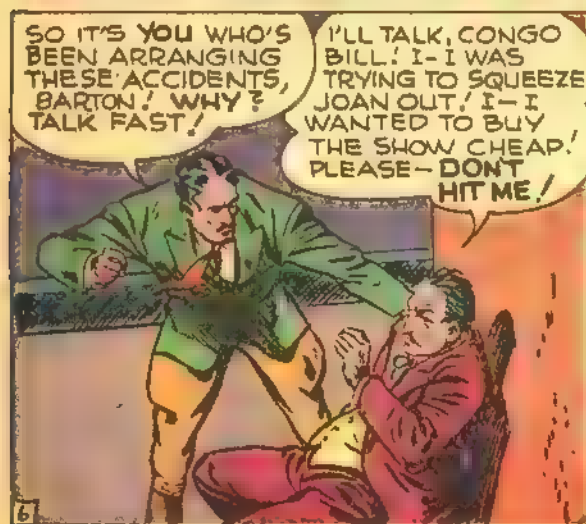
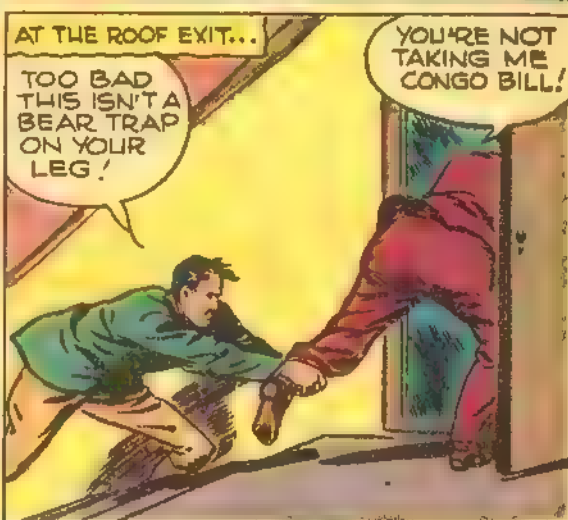
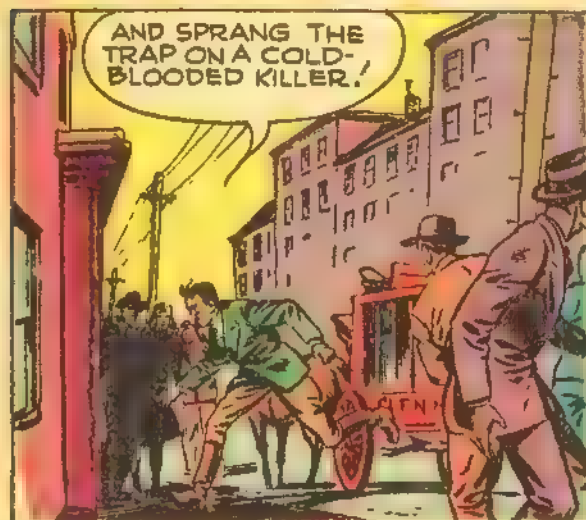
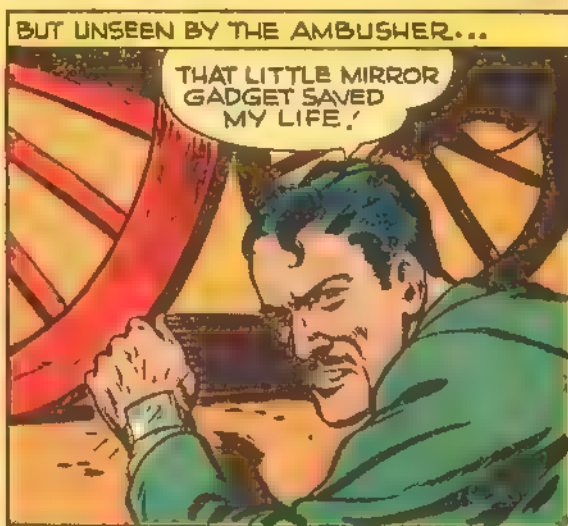
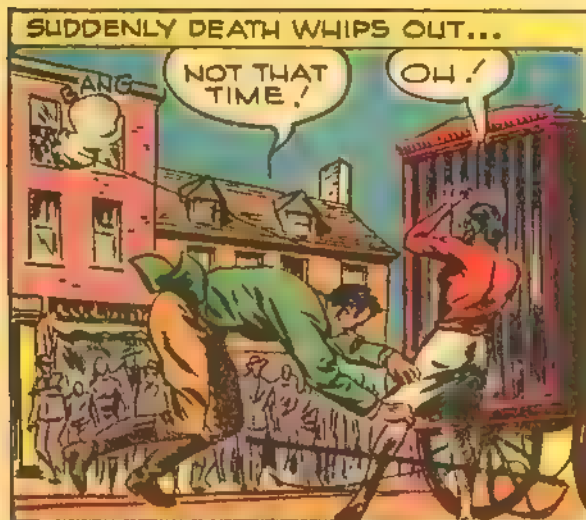








ACTION COMICS





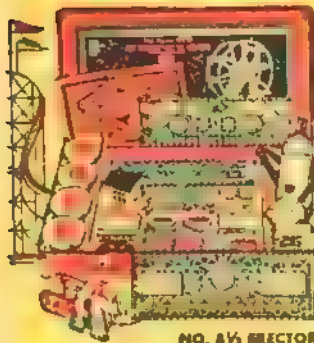
HELLO BOYS!

Erector is the
world's greatest
toy... crammed
with real engineering features.

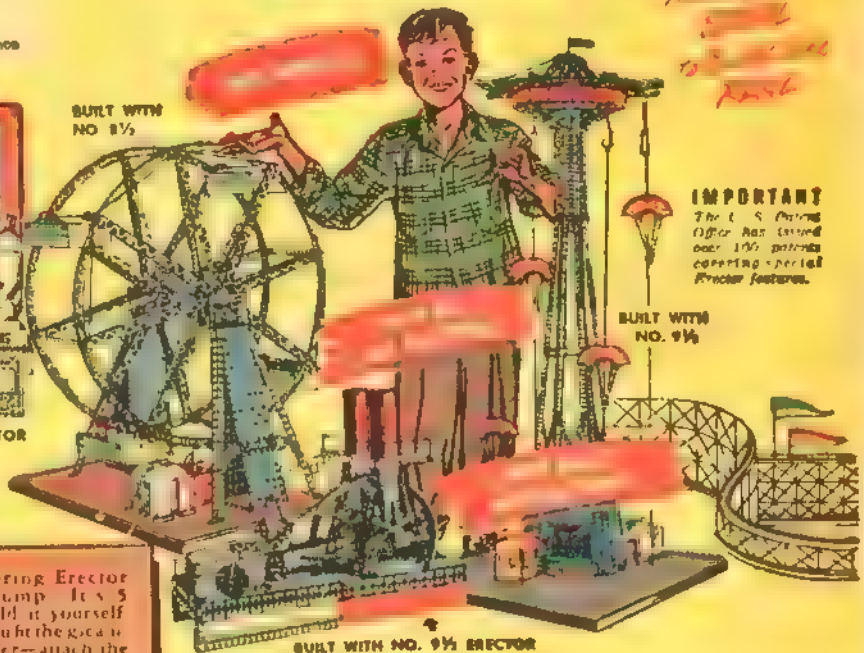
Ac Gilbert

Powder, Gilbert Hall of Science

ERECTOR



NO. 8 1/2 ERECTOR

BUILT WITH
NO. 8 1/2

IMPORTANT
The U. S. Patent
Office has issued
over 100 patents
covering special
Erector features.

BUILT WITH
NO. 9 1/2

LOOK at that towering Erector parachute pump. It's 5 feet high, and you build it yourself. With your own hands you fit the gears using steel girders together—attach the rigging for the four chutes—and install the powerful Erector reversing engine.

Now for a sensational sight! Throw the engine into gear—and your parachutes are hoisted up and up until they strike the release mechanism. Then, like a flash, they plummet down—in fold—and lazily float to the ground.

Now get a load of that mighty Ferris wheel. It's all steel construction just like the real thing. It operates in either direction at high or low speed.

Think of the fun of building and running that giant power plant—with boilers, 12 inch flywheel and other parts all made of genuine steel.

You can build hundreds of spectacular mechanical marvels with one Erector set. No other construction set contains so many different parts and makes so many different models. And how the Erector reversing engine makes them buzz with action!

FUN with Erector starts the moment you open the big metal box and start to assemble girders, wheels, gears and other parts. No blueprints are needed. Erector parts have equidistant holes, so that you only have to count the holes to put them together. One thrill follows another as you build bridges that open and close—cranes that hoist, swivel and pick up metal by electro-magnetic power—and dozens of other colossal, engineering marvels.

OTHER GILBERT SCIENTIFIC TOYS

★ AMERICAN FLYER TRAINS

Watch 'em puff smoke—hear 'em choo-choo

★ GILBERT CHEMISTRY LABORATORIES

The kind that bring boys fame and big awards

★ GILBERT POLARIZING MICROSCOPES

Reveal Nature's secret colors—tremendously enlarged

★ GILBERT ELECTRICAL SETS

Fun and thrills from the world of Science

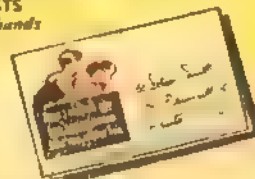
★ GILBERT TOOL CHESTS

Built to fit boys' hands

ONLY ERECTOR HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

- ★ Build the square girder with interlocking edges
- ★ Erector girder is a structural girder not just a perforated strip
- ★ Curved, straight and giant structural steel girders for realism
- ★ Equidistant holes on brace plates and girders for fast, precision building
- ★ Metal base plates with every set
- ★ Genuine holes and nuts patterned after those used in real engineering construction
- ★ Tooth gears, crown gears, miter gears, worm gears and pinion gears
- ★ Worms for the axles and other automotive parts
- ★ Engineer's shank
- ★ Steel boiler and giant flywheel for building realistic engines
- ★ Electric motors
- ★ Electro magnets
- ★ 110-volt reversing electric engine with gear shift
- ★ 100 percent precision engineering parts

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FREE

"Fun and Action with
Gilbert Scientific Toys"

The A. C. Gilbert Company
400 Erector Square
New Haven, Conn.

Rush free illustrated brochure describing all Erector sets and other Gilbert Scientific Toys

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

(Offer good only in U. S. A.)



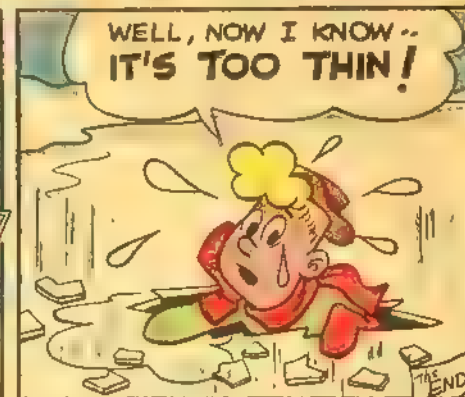
I WONDER IF THE
ICE IS THICK ENOUGH
FOR SKATING?



I GUESS THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO FIND OUT---



--AND THAT'S BY TRYING
IT OUT!



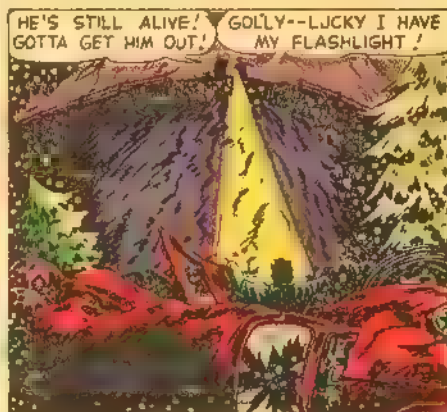
WELL, NOW I KNOW--
IT'S TOO THIN!

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT



LOOK AT THAT CAR!



HE'S STILL ALIVE! GOTTA
GET HIM OUT!

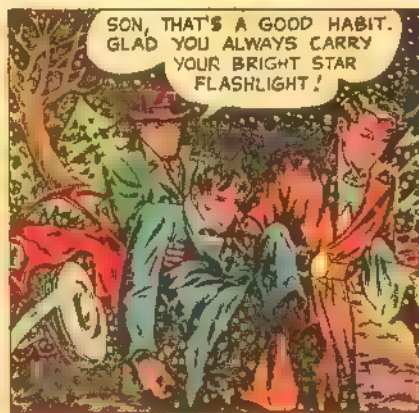
GOLLY--LUCKY I HAVE
MY FLASHLIGHT!



WE'LL HAVE TO CARRY HIM OUT,
SON--HE'D FREEZE HERE

O.K. DAD, LET'S GO!

OH--MY
HEAD!



SON, THAT'S A GOOD HABIT.
GLAD YOU ALWAYS CARRY
YOUR BRIGHT STAR
FLASHLIGHT!



GIVES MORE BRIGHT
LIGHT LONGER



GET A BRIGHT STAR
FLASHLIGHT, TOO!



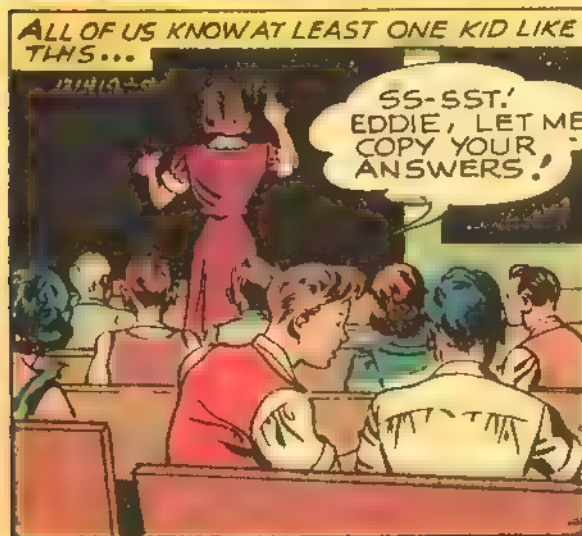
ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN



DO YOU COPY FROM SOMEONE ELSE ON EXAMINATIONS... OR WHEN YOU DO YOUR HOMEWORK? DO YOU THINK IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER SO LONG AS THE ANSWERS ARE CORRECT—EVEN IF SOMEONE ELSE HAS DONE ALL THE WORK? IF YOU DO, THEN THIS STORY IS FOR YOU! AND PERHAPS THE MORAL TAUGHT BY ZATARA WILL AFFECT YOU AS IT DID THE BOY CALLED...

"Copy-Cat, Copy-Cat!"

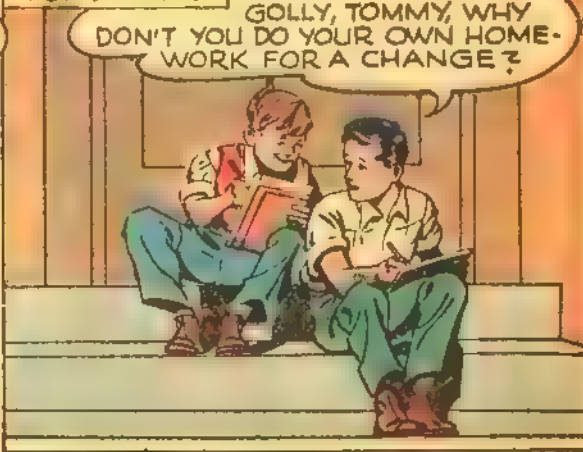


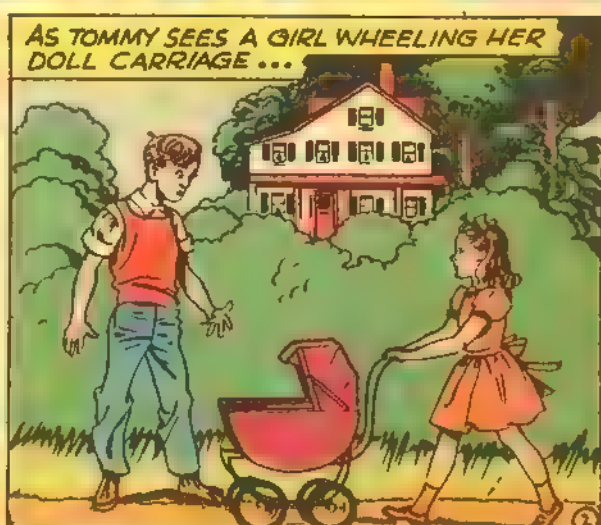
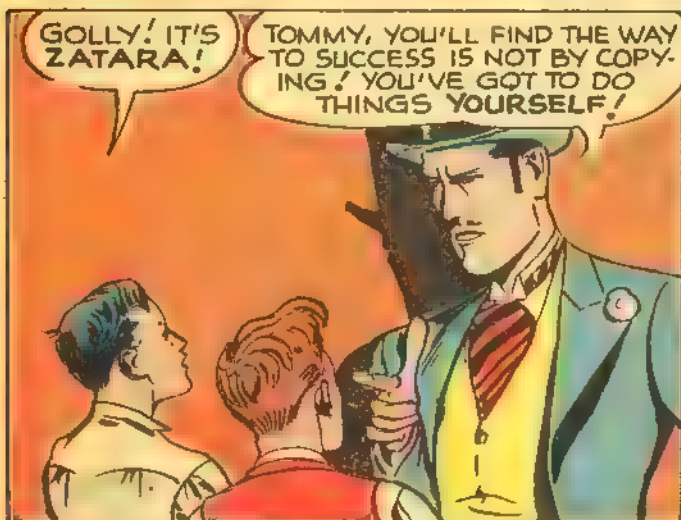
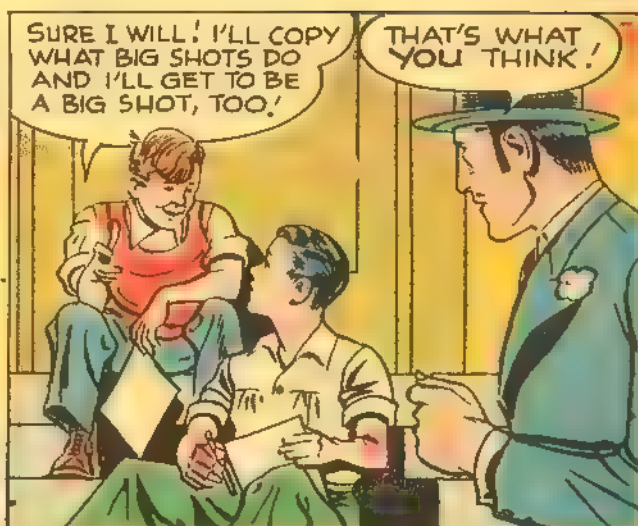
ALL OF US KNOW AT LEAST ONE KID LIKE THIS...

SS-SST!
EDDIE, LET ME
COPY YOUR
ANSWERS!

YES, HE'S A FAMILIAR TYPE...THE KID WHO ALWAYS COPIES FROM YOU—THE COPY-CAT!

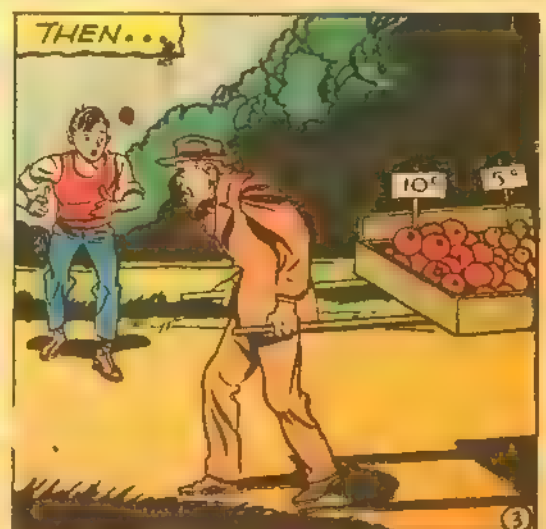
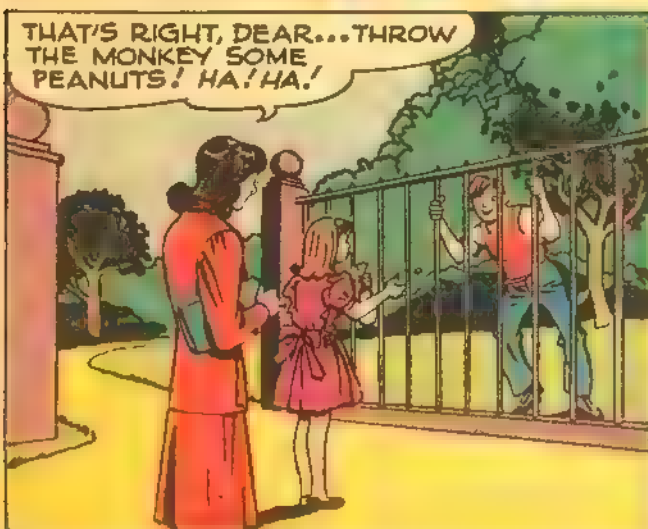
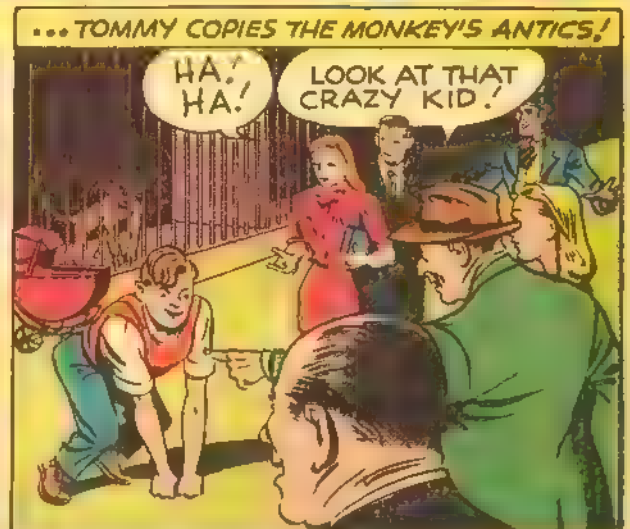
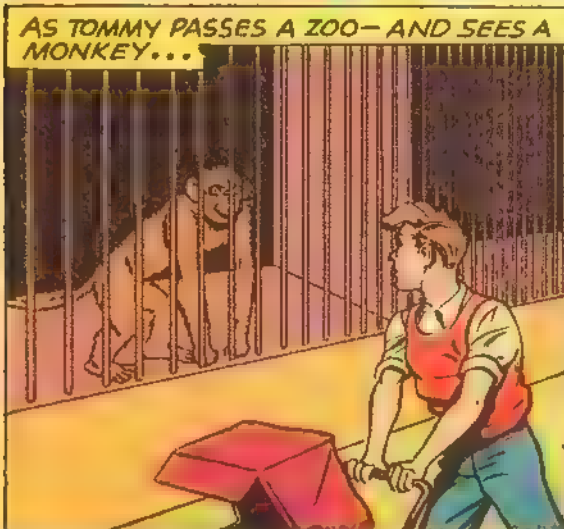
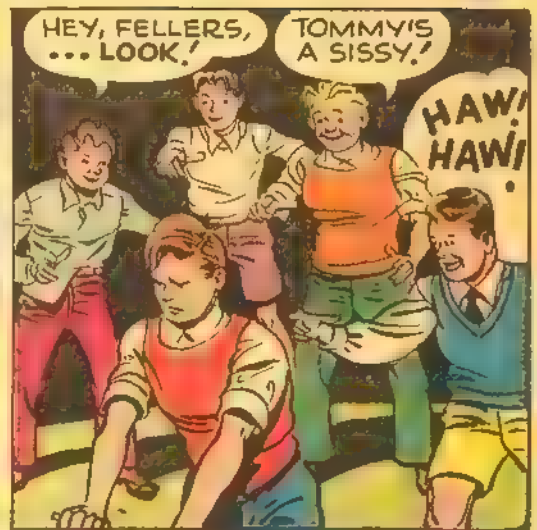
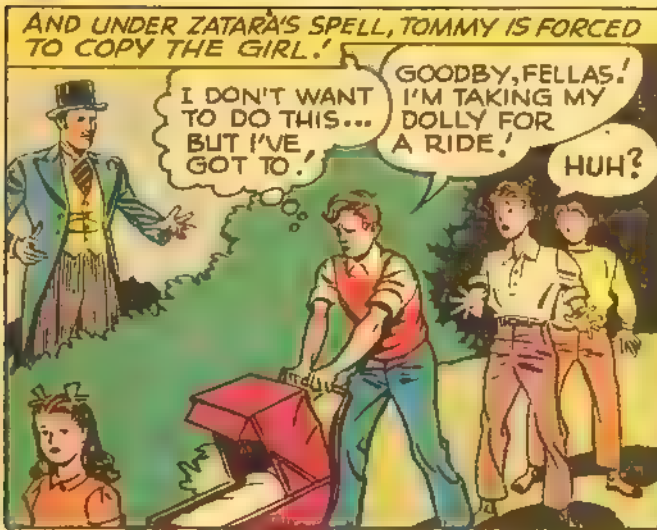
GOLLY, TOMMY, WHY
DON'T YOU DO YOUR OWN HOME-
WORK FOR A CHANGE?

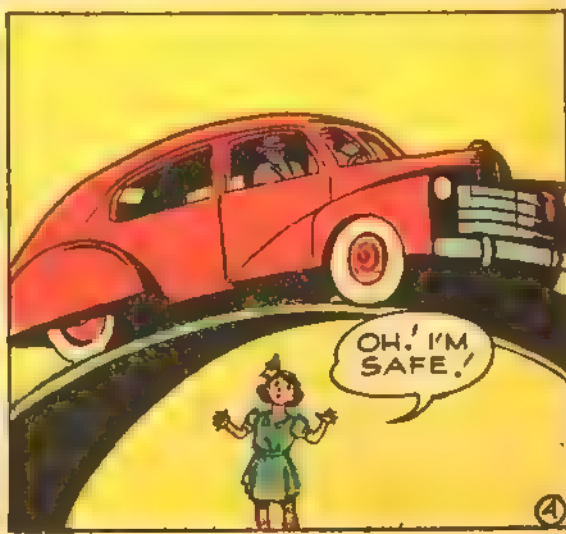
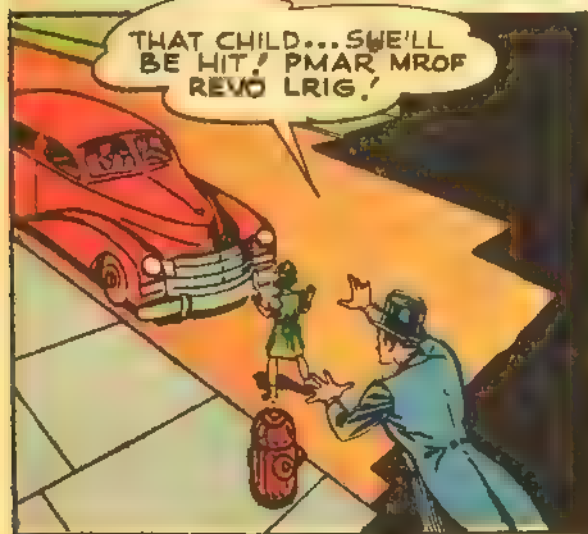
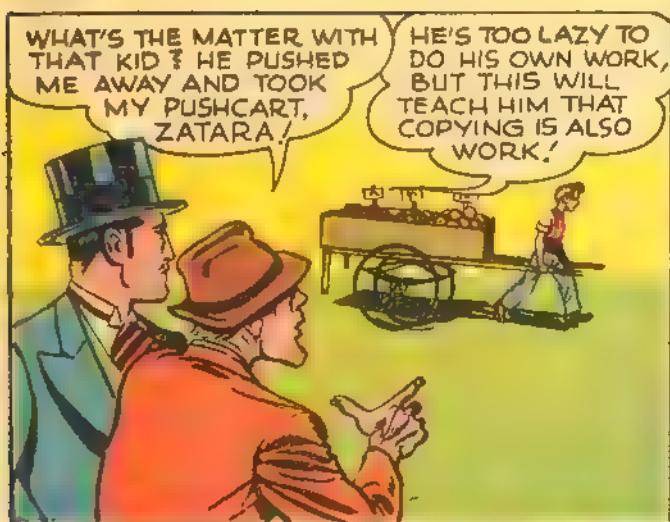






ACTION COMICS

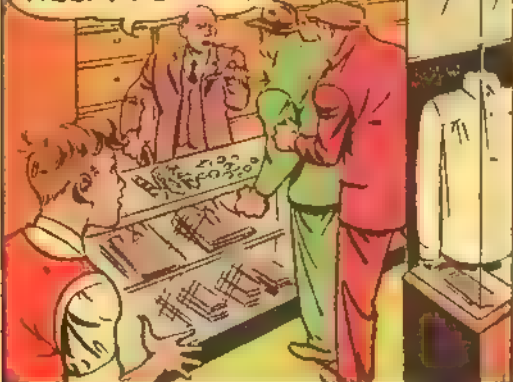






AND WHILE ZATARA'S ATTENTION IS ELSEWHERE, TOMMY SEES...

HEY—YOU PAID ME WITH COUNTERFEIT MONEY! HELP! POLICE!

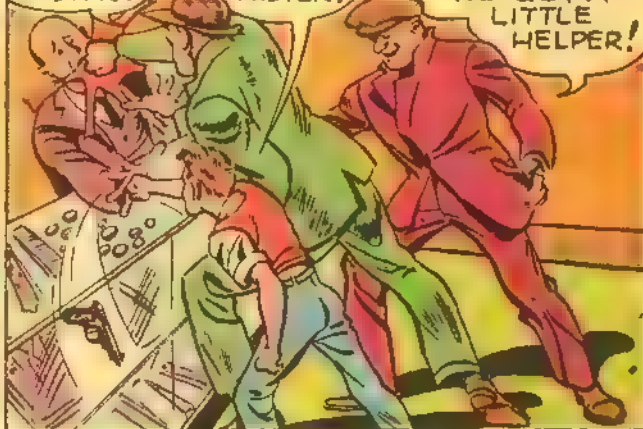


TOMMY COPIES THE THUG'S ACTIONS!

DROP IT, MISTER!

DROP IT, MISTER!

WHADDYA KNOW—WE GOT A LITTLE HELPER!



TOMMY! WHERE...?

ZATARA! GET HIM...



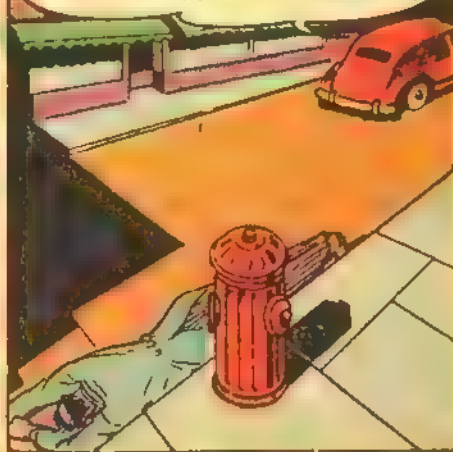
AS ZATARA FALLS, HIS MAGIC SPELL LEAVES TOMMY...

YOU'VE KILLED ZATARA!

WE CAN'T LEAVE THIS KID HERE TO IDENTIFY US! INSIDE, BRAT!

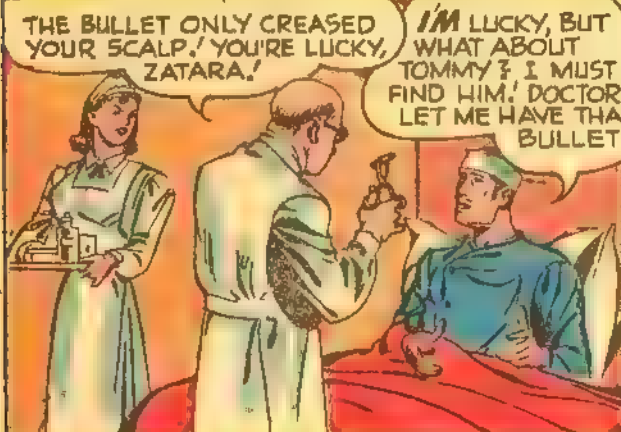


GET GOIN' BEFORE THE COPS SHOW UP! WE'LL GET RID OF THE KID AT OUR HIDEOUT!





LATER... ZATARA AWAKENS IN A HOSPITAL...

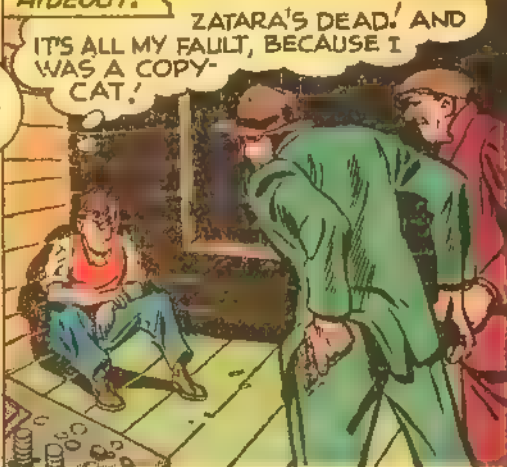


THE BULLET ONLY CREASED YOUR SCALP. YOU'RE LUCKY, ZATARA!

I'M LUCKY, BUT WHAT ABOUT TOMMY? I MUST FIND HIM. DOCTOR, LET ME HAVE THAT BULLET!

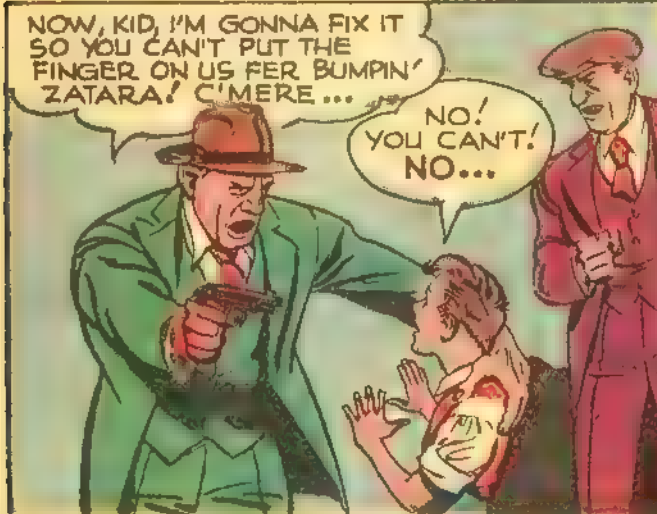
BUT HOW WILL THE BULLET HELP TOMMY?

MEANWHILE... IN THE COUNTERFEITERS' HIDEOUT.



ZATARA'S DEAD! AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT, BECAUSE I WAS A COPY-CAT!

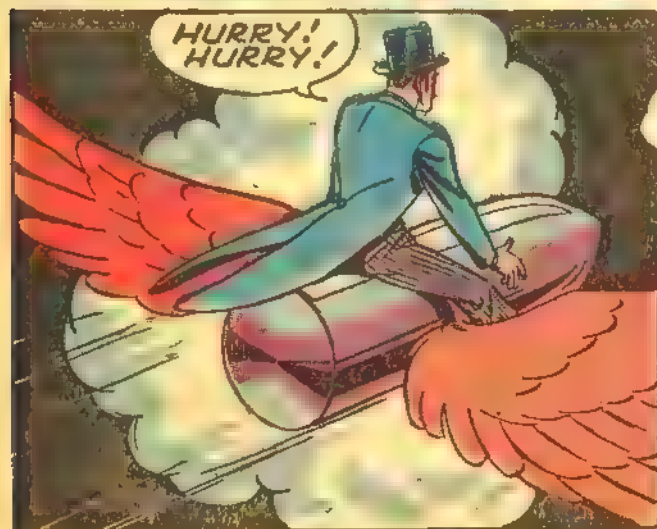
NOW, KID, I'M GONNA FIX IT SO YOU CAN'T PUT THE FINGER ON US FER BUMPIN' ZATARA! C'MERE...



NO! YOU CAN'T! NO...

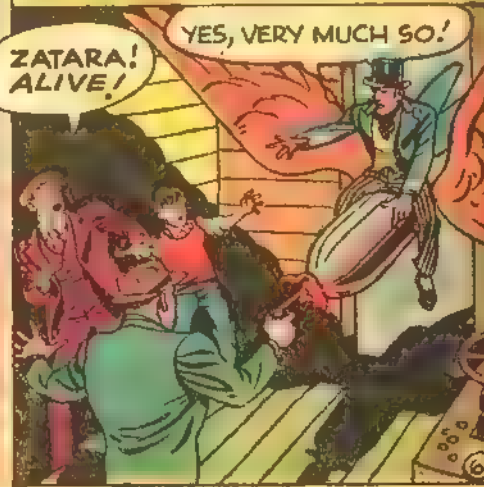
AND AT THAT MOMENT...

TELLUB, EMOCEB GIB DNA YLF KCAB OT RUOY NUG!



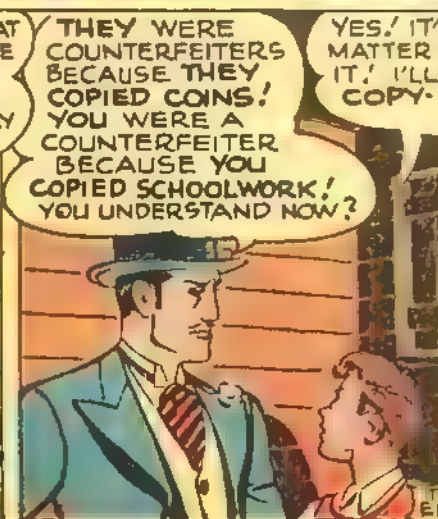
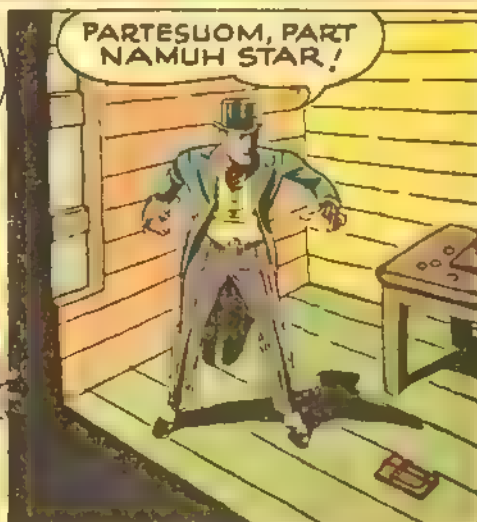
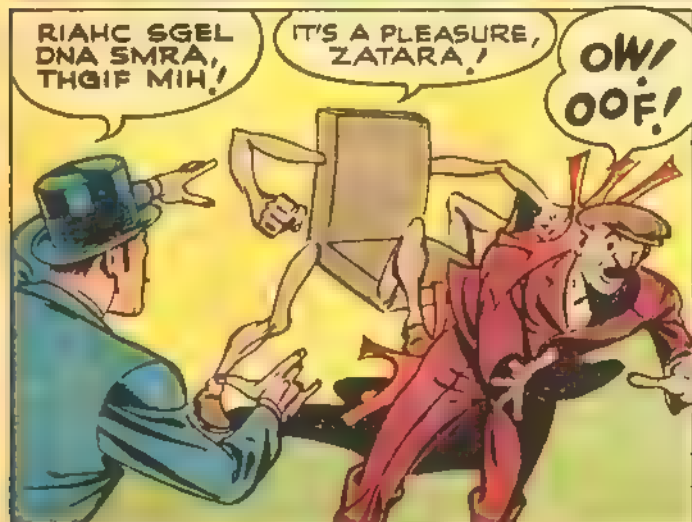
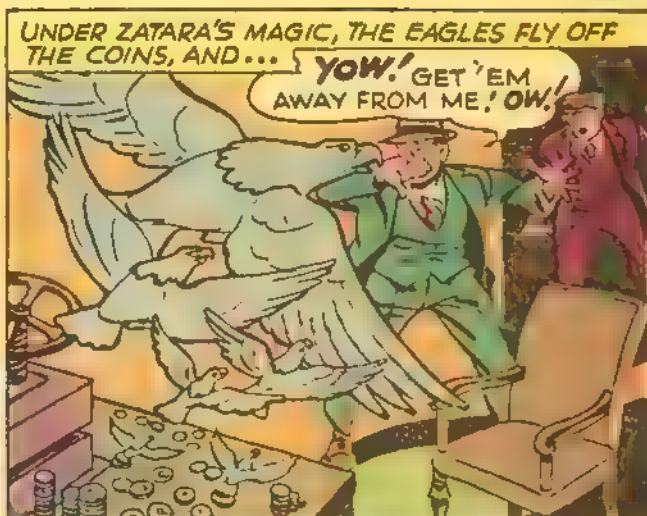
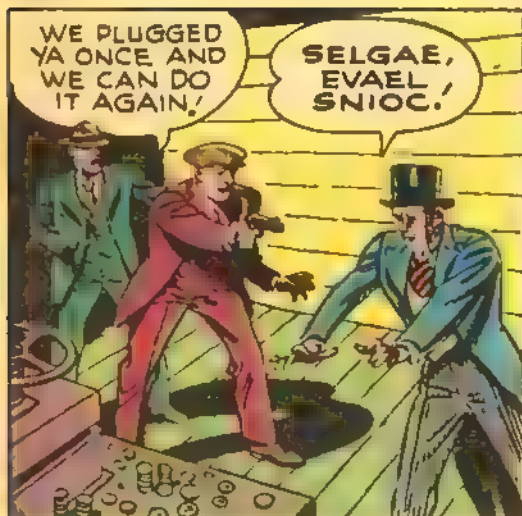
HURRY! HURRY!

AND THE BULLET FLIES BACK TO ITS GUN!



ZATARA! ALIVE!

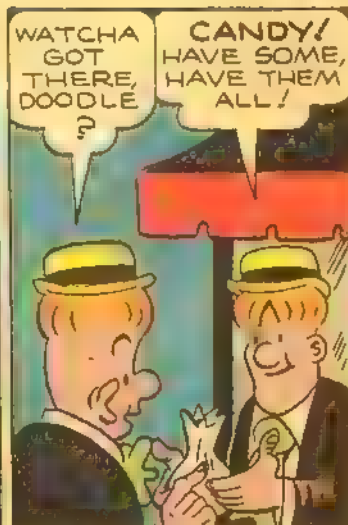
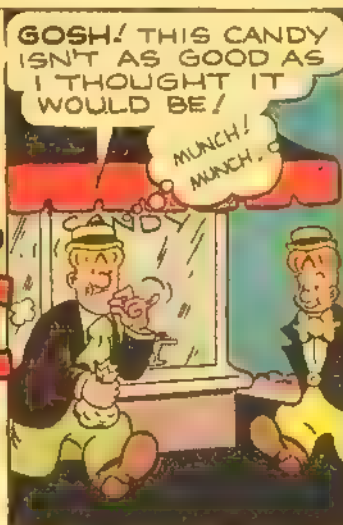
YES, VERY MUCH SO!





DAFFY & DOODLE

WIN



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

FQNW CQN LUJBA-
XXV BNNVB VXBC LX-
WORWRWP, ANNVKNA
QXF EJUDJKUN JW NM-
DLJCRXW LJW KN.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

JAN.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



THE LUCKY TYPE

BY BEN CARROLL

WILLIE WHISPER was tired but happy.

Even with all his contacts, it had taken a good deal of shoe leather to get rid of raffle tickets on the ten books he had volunteered to sell. The raffle was on a new car, and the proceeds were to be used for establishing a playground in a slum neighborhood.

The project was one that touched Willie's simple but honest heart. He had come from the slums, taken a wrong turn, and led a life of lawlessness. But one day he saw the light. Thus started the reformation and new life of Willie Whisper, now a highly regarded member of the community.

Once, where he might have ducked past a policeman, Willie Whisper now numbered cops among his friends.

Such a friend was Terry O'Leary, who, patrolling his beat, was approaching Willie Whisper.

"Hi, Terry, old boy!" Willie Whisper said cheerily, "And how's the best member of New York's Finest?"

"Not so good, Willie Whisper," said Terry sadly. "It's just that the drawing is tomorrow and I have one book unsold. It won't look good for me around the station house."

"Is that all?" Willie Whisper breathed a sigh of relief. He forgot his tired feet and the hours he had spent selling his own ten books. "Here, let me sell it for you, Terry. I'll bring the money to you in the morning."

O'Leary's red face brightened. "That's nice of you, Willie Whisper, very nice."

As he watched O'Leary plodding along, resuming his beat, Willie Whisper's heart sank, as he realized he would have to find new avenues on which to sell the tickets. He had exhausted all his acquaintances. Where would he go?

Suddenly, an idea struck him, and he smiled. True, he hadn't been a frequent visitor to his old haunts on the North Side. But he'd try his luck there.

In Eddie the Chalk's poolroom, Willie Whisper found quite a welcome. It wasn't long before he managed to dispose of a number of the tickets, just among the players and hangers-on. "It's for a wonderful charity," he said, "something to bring the kids a little sunshine in the slums." Willie Whisper flushed as somebody at the last table guffawed.

"It's nothing to laugh at, Charlie Sly," chided Willie Whisper, "I only wish I had had a playground when I was young." He counted the money he had taken in. There was only one chance left, and there seemed to be no takers. Charlie Sly, awaiting his turn to shoot, looked disdainfully at Willie Whisper, counting the coins. "They'll never build a playground with that little bit," he said, "No sir."

"Little bit?" Willie Whisper looked at him indignantly. "I'll have you know there'll be thousands in the till tonight. We have to have all the money in at the Eagle Lodge clubhouse. The drawing's tomorrow morning, when the Mayor can be there." He put away the change. "Well, fellers, I have to go. Just one more chance, that's all."

"Wait a minute, Willie Whisper, I'll take it." Charlie Sly suffering a change of heart, sidled over. He held out his quarter. "Sure this is on the level?" he asked.

"Yes," said Willie Whisper. "And if you want to be present tomorrow morning, it's okay. What's your address, Charlie?" He wrote in the address, gave Charlie his coupon. "I hope you win," said Willie Whisper earnestly. "Cause if you don't want the car, you can sell it."

Charlie Sly grinned. "I'll do okay, Willie

Whisper," he said, "I'm the lucky type." He winked at his fellow players, a wink Willie didn't see, and went back to playing.

It was a happy Willie Whisper who turned in his money an hour later. Frank Balon, treasurer for the drive, accepted the money gratefully, deposited it with the rest in the safe. "I'll walk home with you, Willie Whisper," he offered, as he twirled the dial. "Someone's going to be surprised tomorrow."

Frank was referring to the car. But the big surprise the committee received was that of a blown-open safe! The money had been stolen during the night!

Consternation reigned throughout the headquarters, and no one was more panic-stricken than Willie Whisper. Nevertheless, it was decided to hold the drawing anyway. "There's no use in letting news of this robbery leak out right away. We'd better let the police begin their investigation," a committee member decided.

Outside, in the lodge ballroom, a crowd of ticketholders had gathered for the drawing. Willie Whisper's heart was leaden as a neighborhood boy pulled a number from the hopper. "Depriving those kids of a playground. It's a shame," he murmured to Terry O'Leary, who was on his way to work.

O'Leary too was glum. He watched the ticket hopper. A committeeman took the ticket from the boy. "11234," he announced, "Charlie Sly, 11A, North Side."

Willie Whisper gasped. "Charlie Sly," he said. "He told me he was the lucky type." Willie Whisper shook O'Leary's hand. "Your look held the winning ticket. And you win a trip to Niagara Falls, Terry," he said. "Congratulations."

"Nothing doing on the trip," O'Leary said. "I couldn't take the money from the kids. Not after they've been deprived of their playground." He shrugged. "But I'm glad a friend of yours won the car. Willie Whisper."

Willie Whisper winced. "He's no friend

of mine. But you want I should tell him he won, Terry?"

"No. I'll run over before I start work." O'Leary shook hands with Willie Whisper.

Meantime, totally unaware of the luck that had visited him, Charlie Sly was packing his bag in the boarding house. He had decided to make an unannounced departure.

The reason was obvious. In his bag, there was a considerable sum of money, the result of the safe he had blown the evening before. "Playground for kids," he chuckled. "They mean playgrounds for Charlie Sly." He felt elated, secure. It had been a wonderful hunch, this playing along with Willie Whisper and learning the money was kept in a safe. "Serve the suckers right for not banking it."

He snapped the bag shut, dropped a gun in his pocket, and went downstairs, whistling. He'd be miles away in a couple of hours. Already, he had obtained a plane reservation under an assumed name.

He opened the door into the street. Then he started.

A burly policeman was coming up the stairs. And the cop said, "You Charlie Sly!"

Panic struck Charlie. He remembered the bag in his hand, containing the money. Somehow, the police must have connected him with the robbery. He reached for his gun.

O'Leary was a fast thinker. He saw the glint of the morning sun on the butt of the gun as Charlie Sly tried to bring it from his pocket.

With a single motion, O'Leary was on him. His big fist smashed into Charlie Sly's face, and the thief was through.

"And all I wanted to tell him, Willie Whisper," said O'Leary later, when the money had been conveyed to the rightful owners. "was that he won the car." He grinned. "I'm sure the lucky type, eh Willie Whisper?"

"Roger," said Willie Whisper happily. "Roger and ditto."



HAYFOOT HENRY

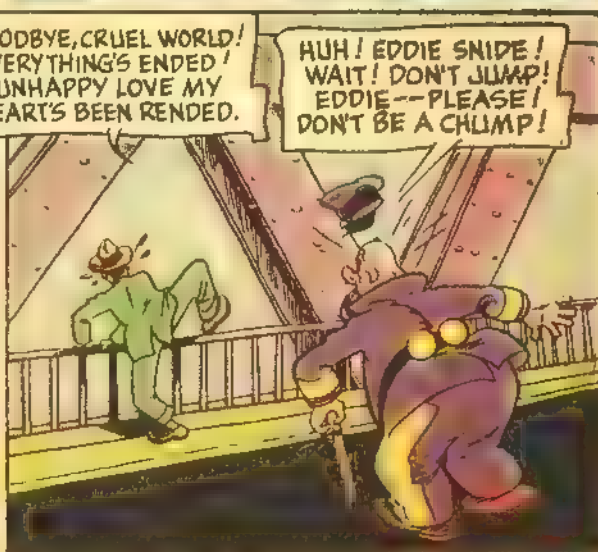
WHEN SOMEONE WRECKS
THE WATER SUPPLY,
HENRY MUST FIND
THE REASON WHY.
TWO GUYS, A GAL AND
AN UNSOLVED RHYME
ALL COMPLICATE THE
STRANGEST CRIME—
TILL THE TRUTH SHINES FORTH
WHEN HENRY'S BRAIN
TURNS LIGHT ON THE
CASE OF
**"THE
JEALOUS
SWAIN!"**



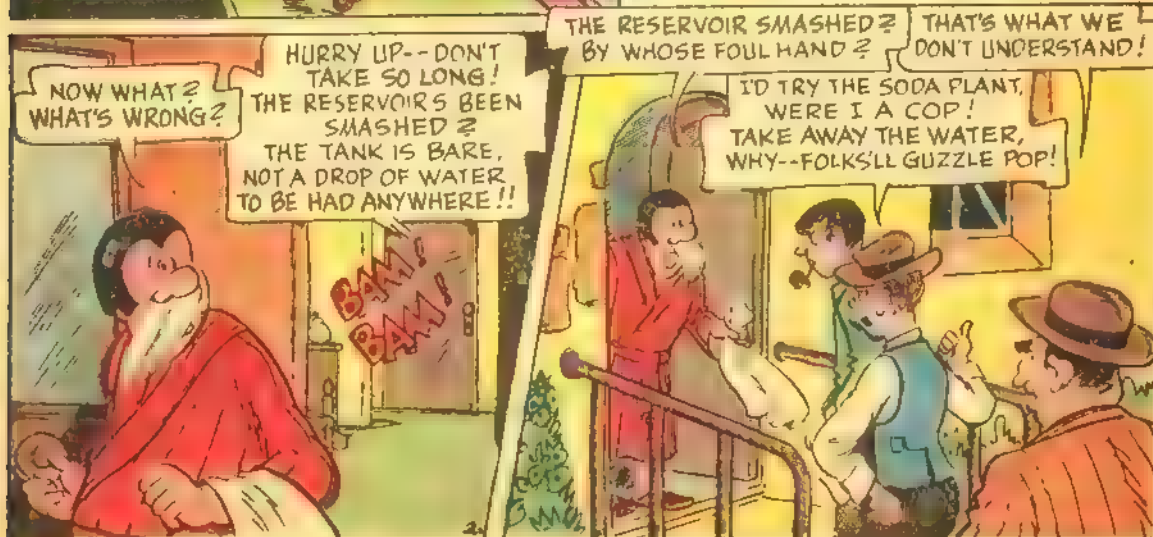
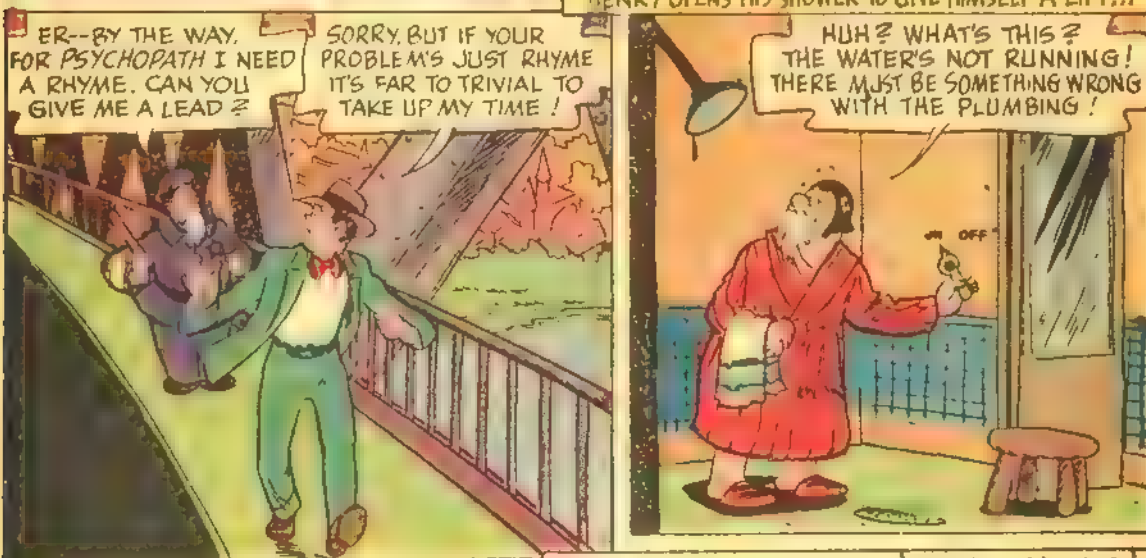
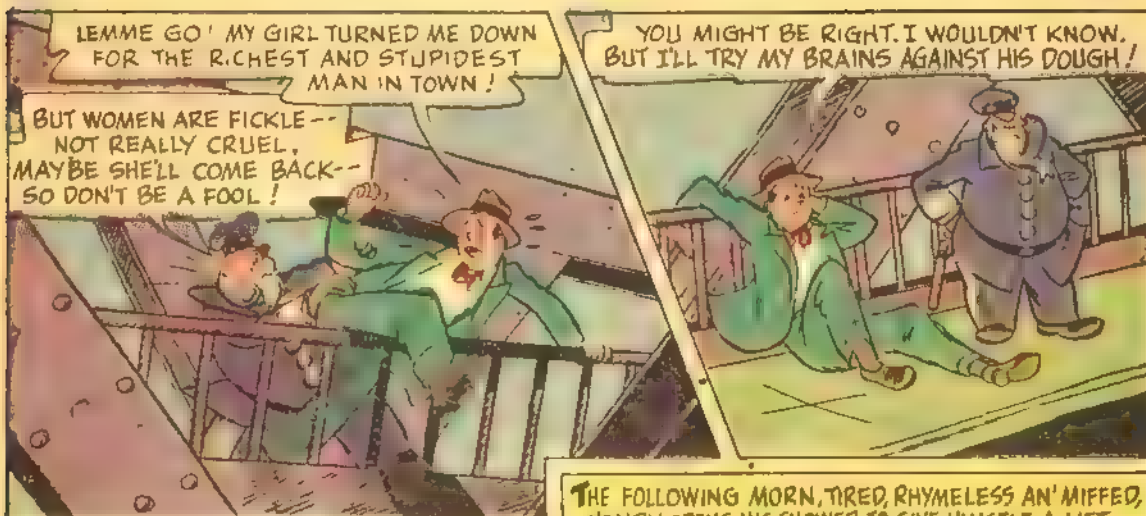
I COULD JUMP OFF THIS BRIDGE,
I'M SO DEPRESSED.
FROM RHYME I SADLY NEED A REST!
FOR THREE LONG DAYS,
A RHYME I'VE SOUGHT
FOR **PSYCHOPATH**, YET IT'S
COME TO NAUGHT.



GOODBYE, CRUEL WORLD!
EVERYTHING'S ENDED!
BY UNHAPPY LOVE MY
HEART'S BEEN RENDED.

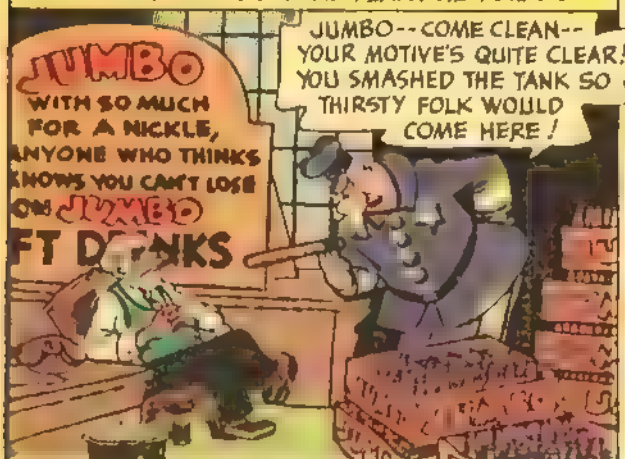


HUH! EDDIE SNIDE!
WAIT! DON'T JUMP!
EDDIE--PLEASE!
DON'T BE A CHUMP!





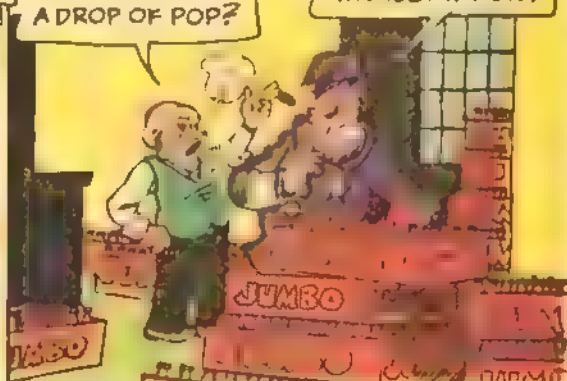
A POSSIBLE CLUE, HENRY ALWAYS DECRIES,
SO OFF TO THE SOFT-DRINKS PLANT HE FLIES.



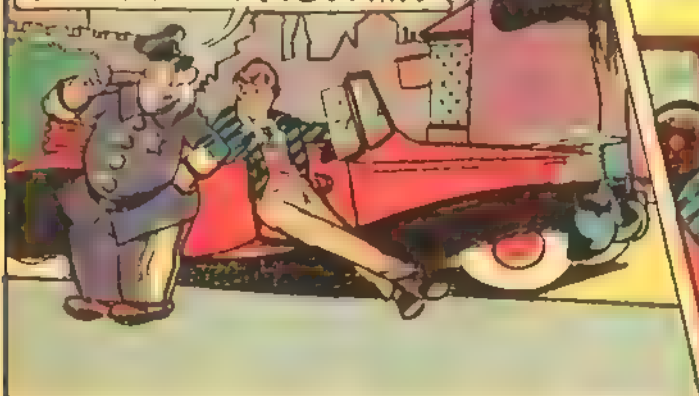
JUMBO--COME CLEAN--
YOUR MOTIVE'S QUITE CLEAR!
YOU SMASHED THE TANK SO
THIRSTY FOLK WOULD
COME HERE!

IDIOT! FOOL!
YOU CALL YOURSELF
A COP?
WITHOUT WATER,
CAN I MAKE
A DROP OF POP?

ER--BEG PARDON.
MY BRAIN'S OUT OF ORDER.
I FORGOT THAT POP
CAN'T BE MADE
WITHOUT WATER!



NO RHYME...TOUGH CRIME--DEAR ME--SIGH!
IT SEEMS THAT EVERYTHING'S AWRY!
HUH? AREN'T YOU DOE,
THE RICHEST LAD IN TOWN?
I'VE GOT REASONS,
BUT WHAT'S GOT YOU DOWN?

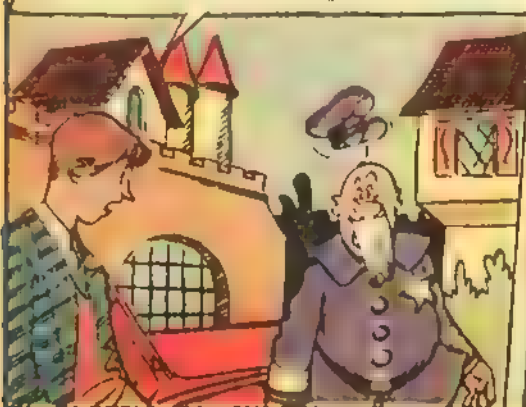


A LOVELY GIRL HAS
JUST TURNED ME DOWN,
BECAUSE OF THE
WATER SHORTAGE
IN TOWN!

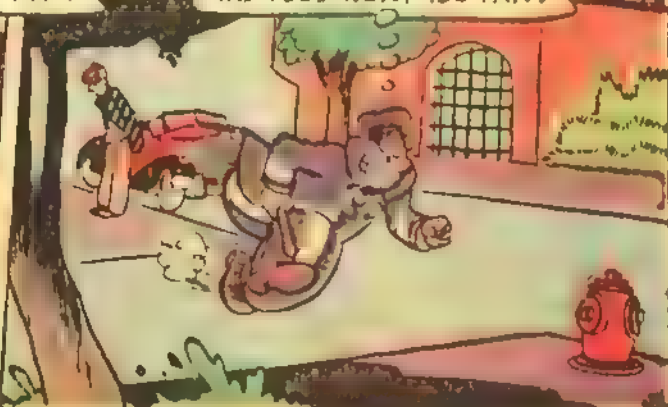
MUST BE THE GIRL
FOR WHOM
YOUNG SNIDE
ALMOST COMMITTED
SUICIDE.

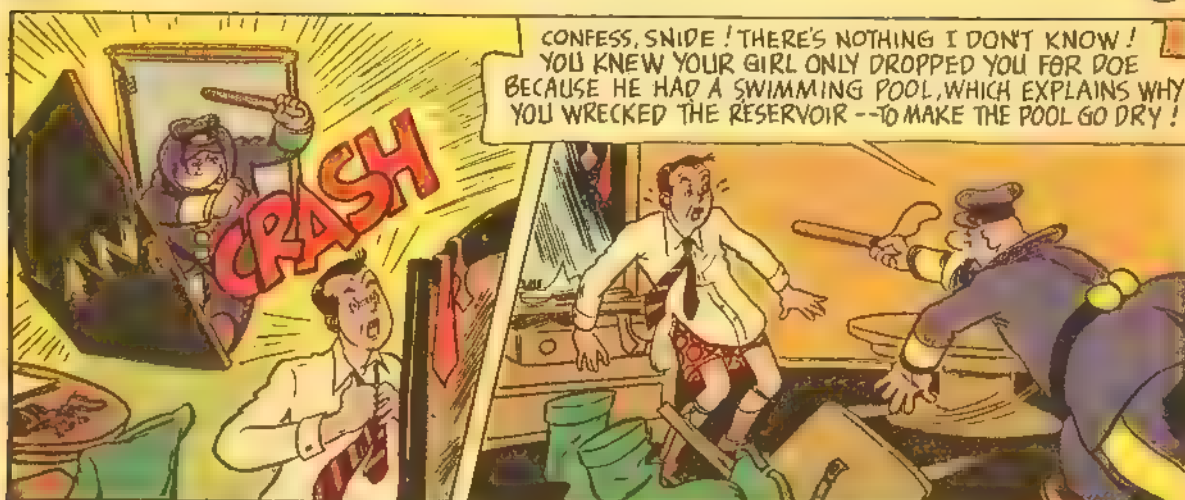


THE GIRL'S A SWIMMING CHAMP, YOU SEE,
BUT THE REAL TRUTH NEVER DAWNED ON ME
THAT SHE WENT WITH ME, THOUGH SHE THOUGHT ME A FOOL,
JUST BECAUSE I OWN A BIG SWIMMING POOL!

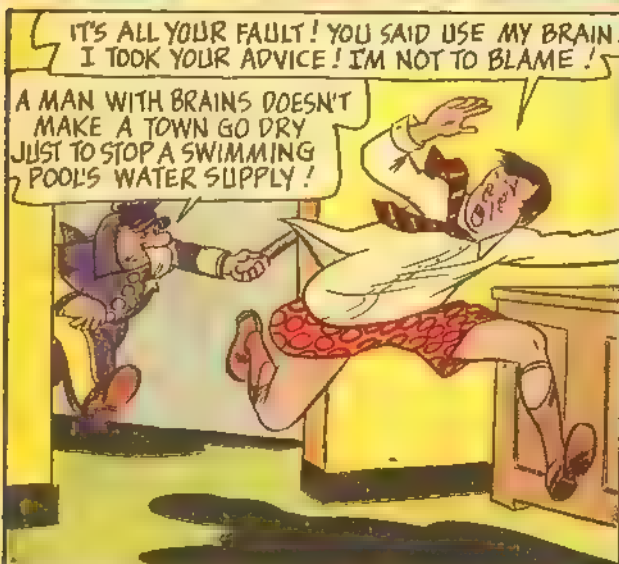


AT LAST I CAN GUESS
WHO SMASHED THE RESERVOIR!
SNIDE WAS JEALOUS, BUT
THE FOOL WENT TOO FAR!



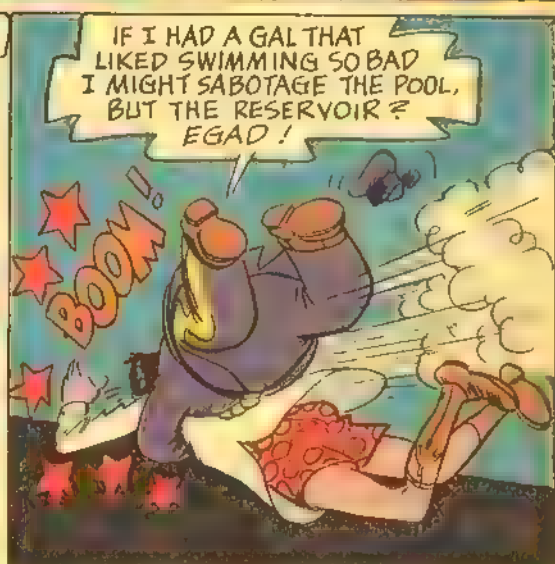


CONFESS, SNIDE! THERE'S NOTHING I DON'T KNOW!
YOU KNEW YOUR GIRL ONLY DROPPED YOU FOR DOE
BECAUSE HE HAD A SWIMMING POOL, WHICH EXPLAINS WHY
YOU WRECKED THE RESERVOIR -- TO MAKE THE POOL GO DRY!

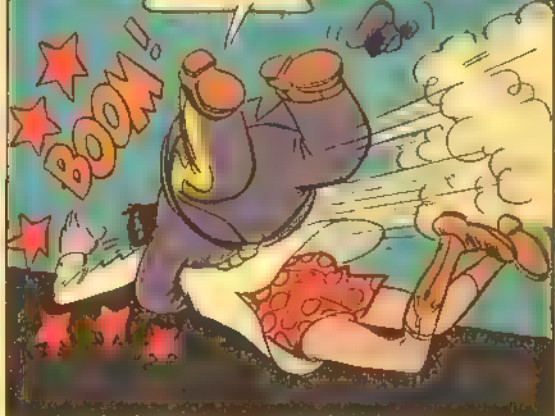


IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! YOU SAID USE MY BRAIN!
I TOOK YOUR ADVICE! I'M NOT TO BLAME!

A MAN WITH BRAINS DOESN'T
MAKE A TOWN GO DRY
JUST TO STOP A SWIMMING
POOL'S WATER SUPPLY!



IF I HAD A GAL THAT
LIKED SWIMMING SO BAD
I MIGHT SABOTAGE THE POOL,
BUT THE RESERVOIR?
EGAD!



BOOM!



YOU LOVE HER, YET WHAT
IF SHE'D LIKE A BATH?

WHY, HENRY--
THAT'S YOUR RHYME
FOR
PSYCHOPATH!



LIKE A BATH--PSYCHOPATH!
EUREKA! YOU'RE RIGHT!
JUST FOR THAT, I'LL ASK THE JUDGE TO GO LIGHT.
A MONTH IN JAIL WITH FREE EXPENSES
IS JUST WHAT YOU NEED
TO BRING BACK YOUR SENSES!

THE
END

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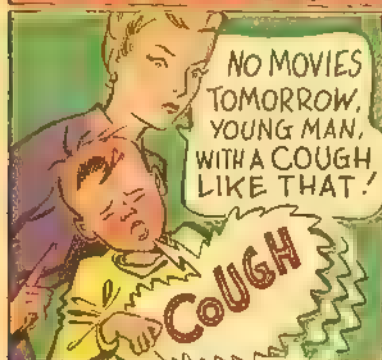
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VIGILANTE

THIS IS THE STORY OF A LITTLE BOY WHO HAD A BIG IDEA... BERTIE KETCHUM, WHOSE FRIENDS CONSIDERED HIM TOO SMALL AND INSIGNIFICANT TO JOIN THOSE TWO-FISTED FANS OF THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, THE "GREG SANDERS ROUGH RIDERS"!... BUT WHEN CROOKS SCHEME TO TURN GREG'S PRESENCE IN TOWN TO THEIR OWN ADVANTAGE, WHO HELPS THE VALOROUS VIGILANTE VANQUISH THE VILLAINS? NONE OTHER THAN...

"The Boy Who Wasn't Big Enough!"





IN THE TOWN OF PLAINSVILLE, MEMBERS OF THE GREG SANDERS ROUGH RIDERS ARE ABOUT TO HOLD A MEETING IN THEIR CLUBHOUSE...

IT'S HERE, FELLOWS! CAME IN THE MAIL THIS MORNING!

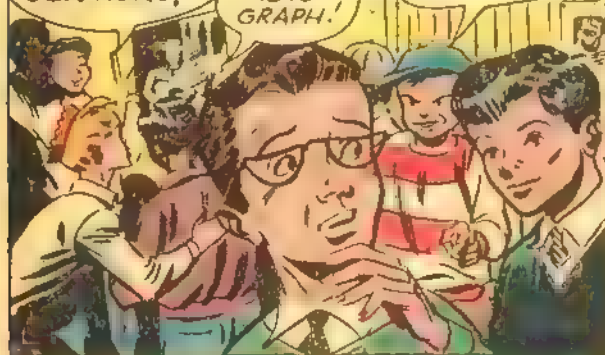
JUST IN TIME! TOMORROW'S THE BIG DAY!



THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR—OUR HERO!

HOORAY! LOOK AT THE AUTO-GRAPH!

BERTIE KETCHUM: HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?



WITHIN THE EXCLUSIVE SHACK...

HE SENT IT RIGHT AWAY! I KNEW HE WAS REG'LAR!

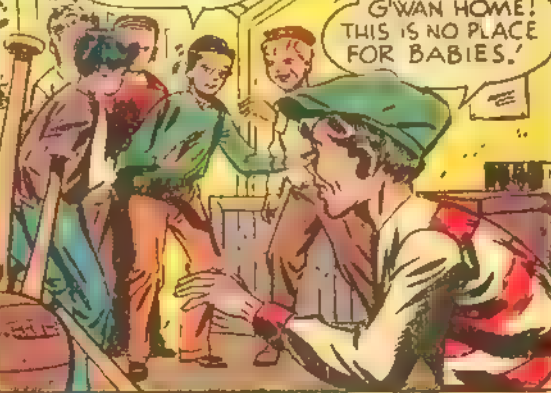
IF ONLY WE CAN GET HIM TO COME HERE FOR A SPECIAL MEETING! OH, BOY!



PLEASE LET ME JOIN UP! I THINK GREG SANDERS IS THE GREATEST COWBOY ON EARTH—ALMOST!

'ALMOST' IS NOT ENOUGH—AN' WE TURNED YA DOWN BEFORE!

G'WAN HOME! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR BABIES!



COME BACK WHEN YA GROW UP!

GREG WOULD LAUGH IF HE SAW A LITTLE SHRIMP LIKE YOU TRYIN' TO BE A ROUGH RIDER!



POOR BERTIE—NO FRIENDS—AND FULL OF WORSHIP FOR AN IDOL HE CAN NEVER MEET!

GREG'LL TALK TO 'EM—(SNIFF)—AN' SHAKE HANDS—(SNIFF)—AN' NEVER NOTICE ME!





SUDDENLY, BERTIE OVERHEARS WORDS THAT TAKE HIS MIND OFF HIS OWN TROUBLES!

WE WAS SAPS TO GIVE OUR SWAG TO SIDESHOW SLIM TO HIDE! NOW HE'S IN STIR!

HE WON'T SAY WHERE HE PUT THE LOOT, THE RAT! HE WANTS IT FOR HISSSELF WHEN HE GETS OUT.

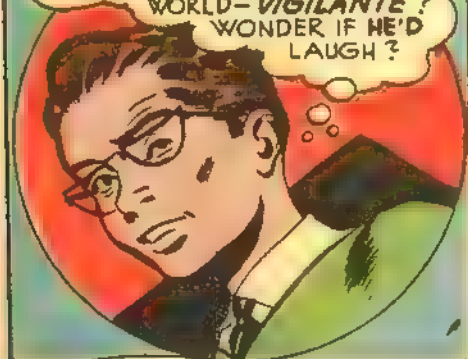


IT'S HID SOME PLACE AT THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS. WE GOTTA FIGGER A WAY TO FIND IT!

CROOKS! IF I COULD CATCH 'EM, I BET THEY'D BEG ME TO JOIN THE ROUGH RIDERS! BUT I'LL NEED HELP...



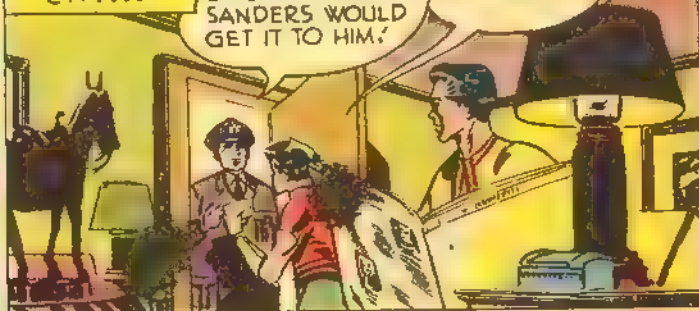
GEE—WONDER WHAT'D HAPPEN IF I SENT WORD TO THE REALLY GREATEST COWBOY IN THE WORLD—VIGILANTE? WONDER IF HE'D LAUGH?



SO IT IS THAT, LATER THIS SAME DAY, IN A DISTANT CITY...

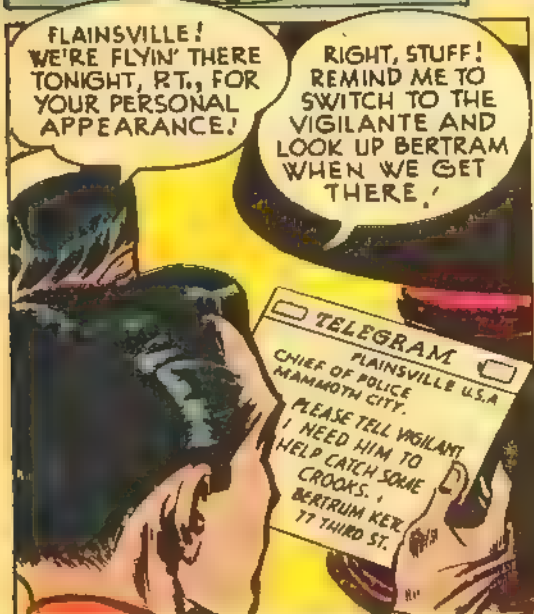
TELEGRAM FOR VIG. LANTE, SENT TO HEAD-QUARTERS! THE CHIEF SAID GREG SANDERS WOULD GET IT TO HIM!

AS GREG'S CONFIDENTIAL ADVISER, I'LL ADVISE HIM TO MAKE SURE THE VIG GETS IT!



FLAINSVILLE! WE'RE FLYIN' THERE TONIGHT, RT., FOR YOUR PERSONAL APPEARANCE!

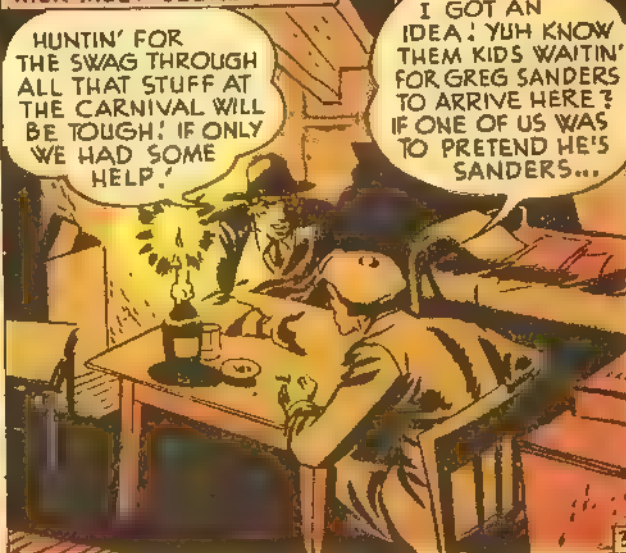
RIGHT, STUFF! REMIND ME TO SWITCH TO THE VIGILANTE AND LOOK UP BERTRAM WHEN WE GET THERE!



MEANWHILE, ON THE EDGE OF PLAINSVILLE, SINISTER MEN MEET SECRETLY...

HUNTIN' FOR THE SWAG THROUGH ALL THAT STUFF AT THE CARNIVAL WILL BE TOUGH! IF ONLY WE HAD SOME HELP!

I GOT AN IDEA! YUH KNOW THEM KIDS WAITIN' FOR GREG SANDERS TO ARRIVE HERE? IF ONE OF US WAS TO PRETEND HE'S SANDERS...





NEXT MORNING, AS THE ROUGH RIDERS MEET AGAIN...

ALL IN FAVOR OF TAKING CAP-PISTOLS TO THE MOVIE TO SHOOT AT THE VILLAINS, AN' SHOW WE'RE ON GREG'S SIDE-

SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR!

KNOCK KNOCK!

SUPPLIES

ENTER-THE FAKE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!

HOWDY! I'M SHORE HAPPY TO BE A-MEETIN' UP WITH MY ADMIRERS AT LAST!

IT'S HIM-THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!

AND HERE'S THE REASON FOR HIS IMPERSONATION...

JUST BETWEEN US, ROUGH RIDERS, I GOT A HOT TIP A BAND O' VARMINTS HID SOME LOOT AT THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS! WE'LL FIND IT AN' DO THE LAW A FAVOR!

YIPPEE! A TREASURE HUNT!

MEANWHILE, IN AN ALLEY BEHIND A LOCAL HOTEL, WHERE TWO VISITORS HAVE RECENTLY REGISTERED...

CAN'T HAVE FOLKS SEE THE VIGILANTE COME OUT OF THE TROUBADOUR'S ROOM! THEY MIGHT START ASKING QUESTIONS!

PRESENTLY...

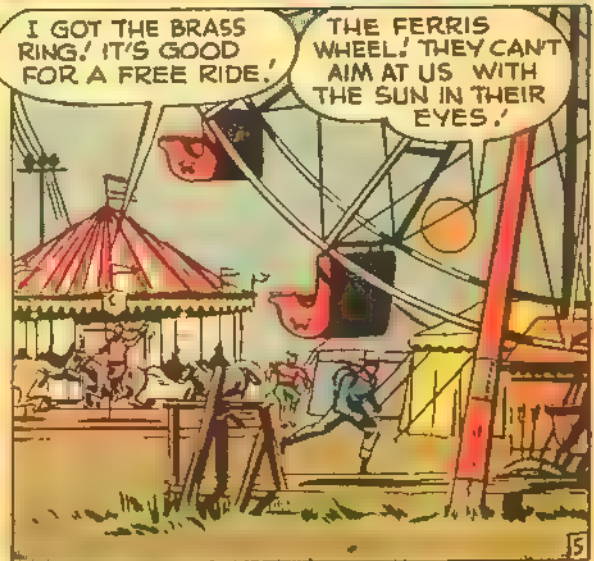
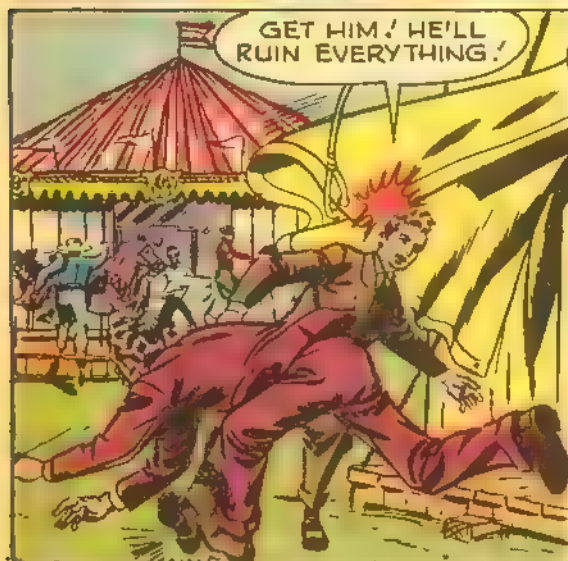
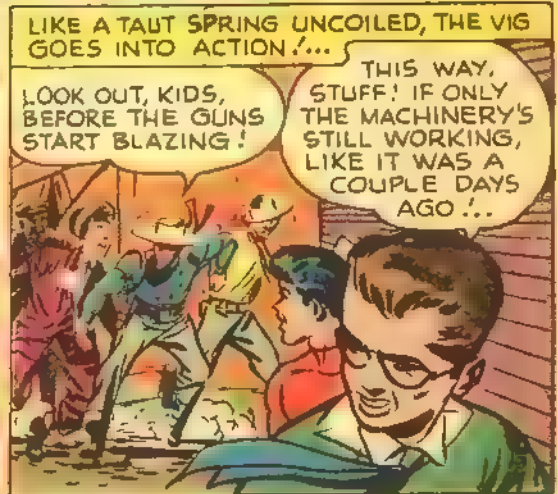
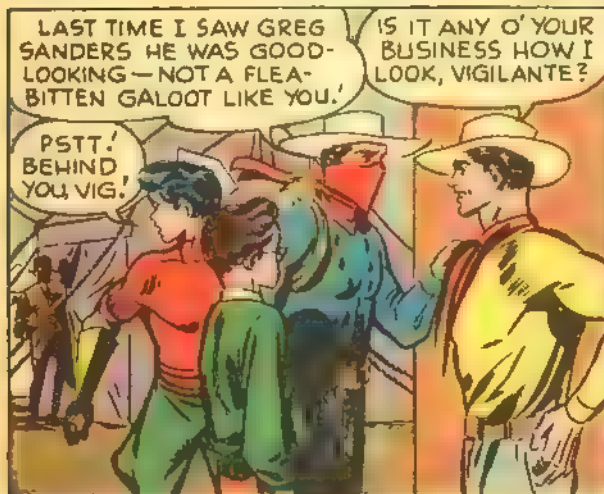
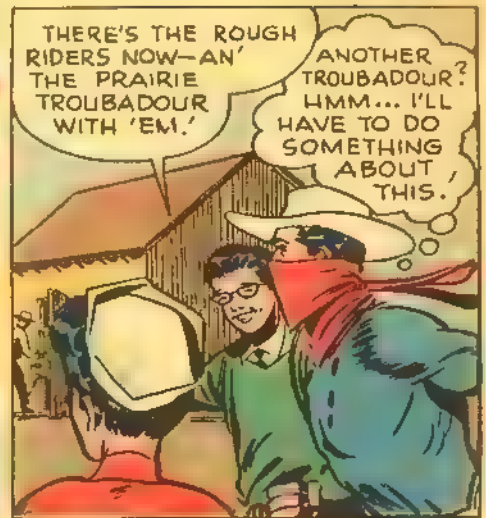
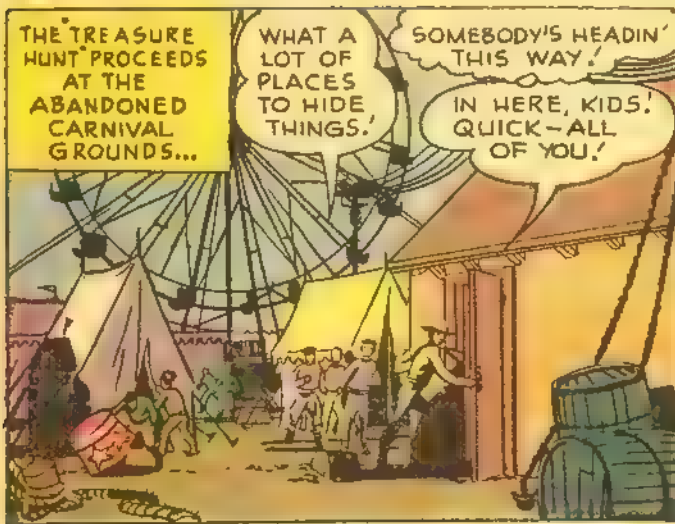
BERTRAM MUST LIVE NEARBY!... WHAT'S THIS-?

VIGILANTE! YOU DID COME! AN' STUFF, THE CHINA-TOWN KID, TOO!

THEY SAID GREG SANDERS'D LAUGH 'CAUSE I WAS SO LITTLE, BUT IF I COULD HUNT CROOKS WITH THE VIGILANTE-

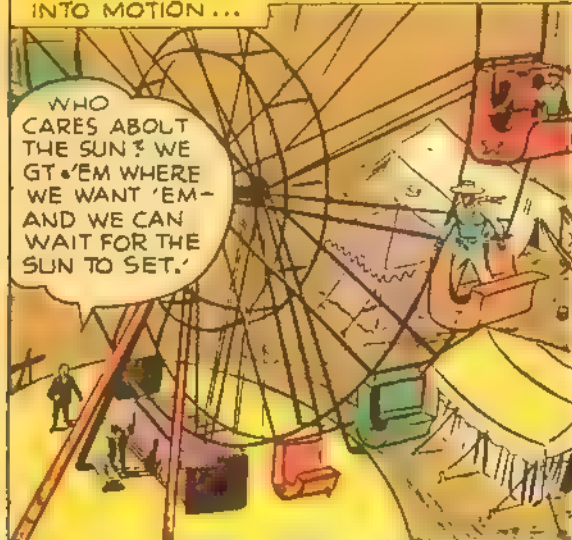
SURE, PARDNER! YOU SAY WE OUGHT TO FIND THEM DOWN THIS WAY?

CARNIVAL GROUNDS



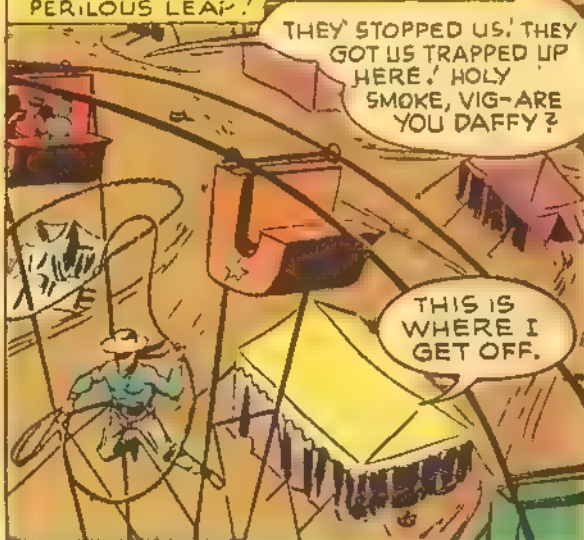


AS THE GREAT STEEL WHEEL CREAKS INTO MOTION...



WHO CARES ABOUT THE SUN? WE GOT 'EM WHERE WE WANT 'EM—AND WE CAN WAIT FOR THE SUN TO SET.

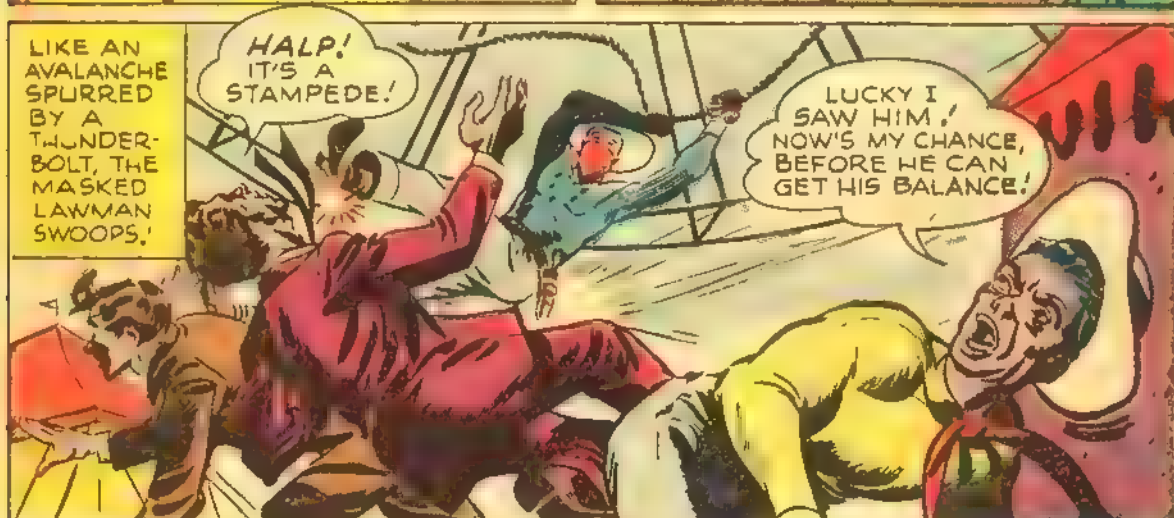
ABRUPTLY, THE VIGILANTE MAKES A PERILOUS LEAP!



THEY STOPPED US! THEY GOT US TRAPPED UP HERE! HOLY SMOKE, VIG—ARE YOU DAFFY?

THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF.

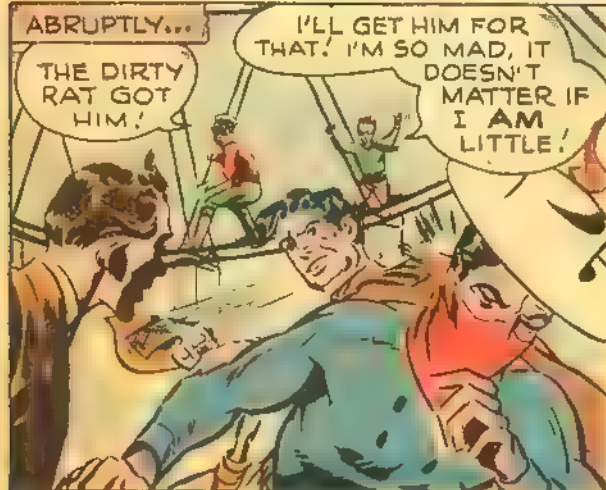
LIKE AN AVALANCHE SPURRED BY A THUNDER-BOLT, THE MASKED LAWMAN SWOOPS!



HALP! IT'S A STAMPEDE!

LUCKY I SAW HIM, NOW'S MY CHANCE, BEFORE HE CAN GET HIS BALANCE!

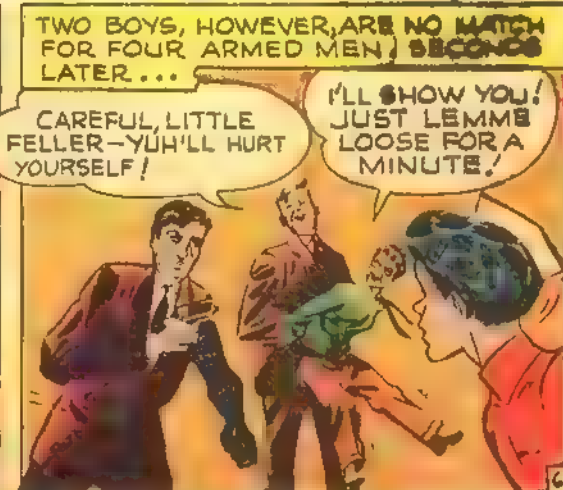
ABRUPTLY...



THE DIRTY RAT GOT HIM!

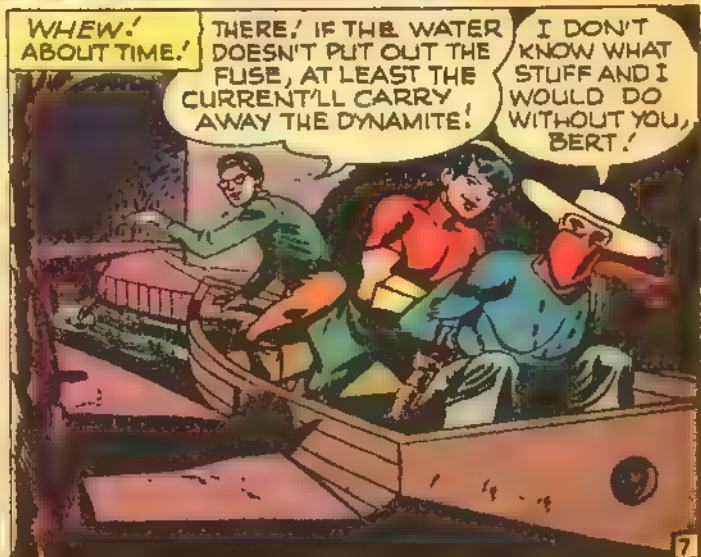
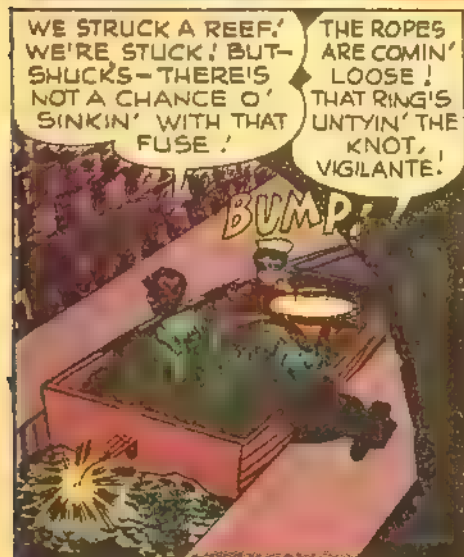
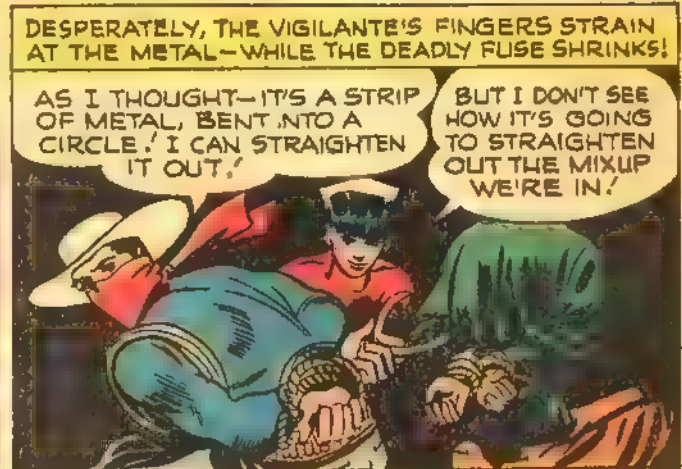
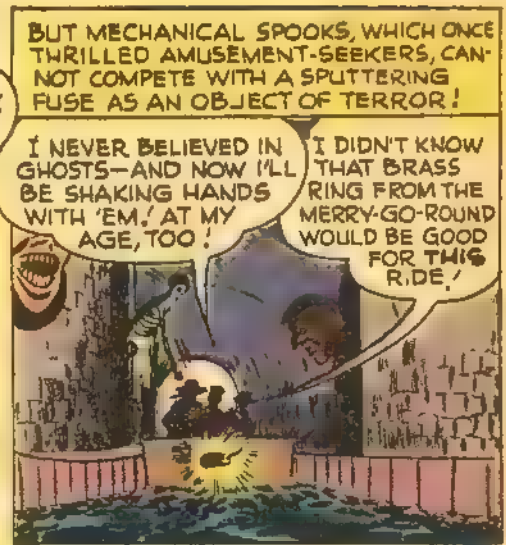
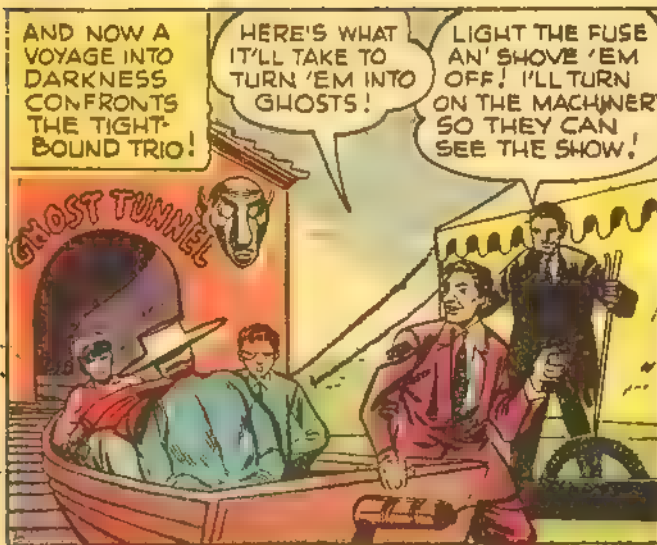
I'LL GET HIM FOR THAT! I'M SO MAD, IT DOESN'T MATTER IF I AM LITTLE!

TWO BOYS, HOWEVER, ARE NO MATCH FOR FOUR ARMED MEN, SECONDS LATER...



CAREFUL, LITTLE FELLER—YUH'LL HURT YOURSELF!

I'LL SHOW YOU! JUST LEMME LOOSE FOR A MINUTE!





AN ADDITIONAL CARGO IS TAKEN ABOARD FOR THE RETURN VOYAGE...

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! A STRONG-BOX!

WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME TOO MUCH, FELLA, IF IT'S WHAT THOSE SIDEWINDERS HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



PRESENTLY, A THUNDEROUS ROAR IS MUSIC TO THE EARS OF THE WAITING VILLAINS!

THAT'S THE END O' THEM! NOW GET THE BRATS OUT AN' PUT 'EM TO WORK AGAIN!

THEY STILL THINK I'M THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR! I'LL GIVE 'EM A LIE ABOUT THE SHOOTIN' AN' THE BLAST!



NEXT INSTANT...

WHAT HAPPENED, GREG?

SOME BANDITS SHOWED UP AN'—**VIII!**

VIGILANTE!



ALLEY—

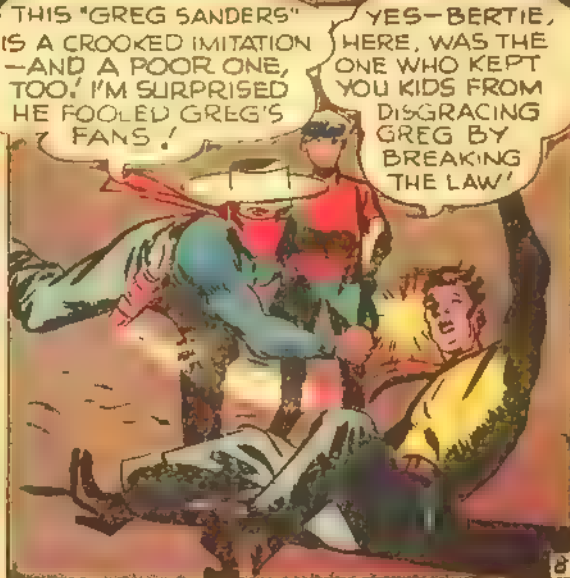
—OOP!

GREG AN' THE VIG FIGHTING! BUT—I THOUGHT THEY WERE PALS!



THIS "GREG SANDERS" IS A CROOKED IMITATION—AND A POOR ONE, TOO! I'M SURPRISED HE FOOLED GREG'S FANS!

YES—BERTIE, HERE, WAS THE ONE WHO KEPT YOU KIDS FROM DISGRACING GREG BY BREAKING THE LAW!





THAT NIGHT THE ROUGH RIDERS PROVE THEIR LOYALTY BY BATTLING VILLAINS WHO PURSUE GREG SANDERS—ON THE SCREEN.



THE CLIMAX IS THE BALLAD-SINGING WADDY HIMSELF, WARBLING HIS FAVORITE WESTERN DITTY.



AND FINALLY... THE VIGILANTE WAS TELLING ME ABOUT A BRAVE YOUNGSTER WHO HELPED HIM ROUND UP SOME BAD HOMBRES TODAY! IS BERTIE KETCHUM IN THE HOUSE?



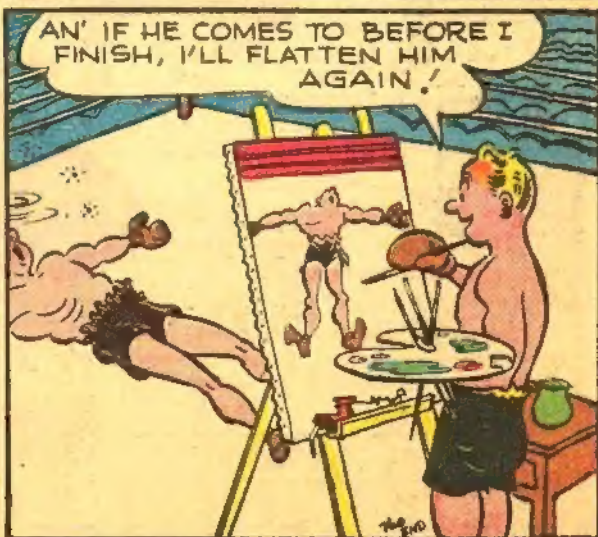
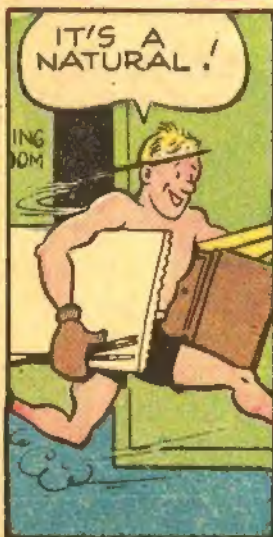
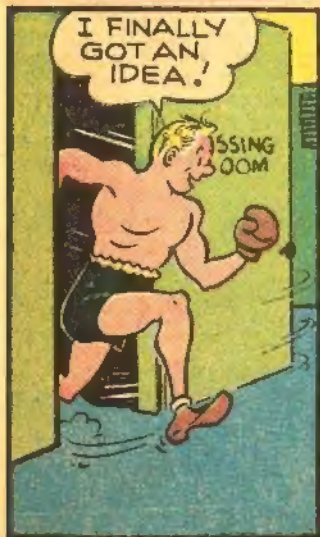
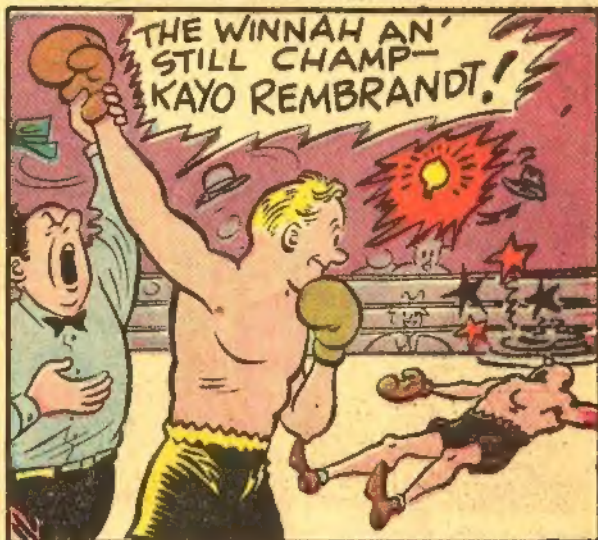
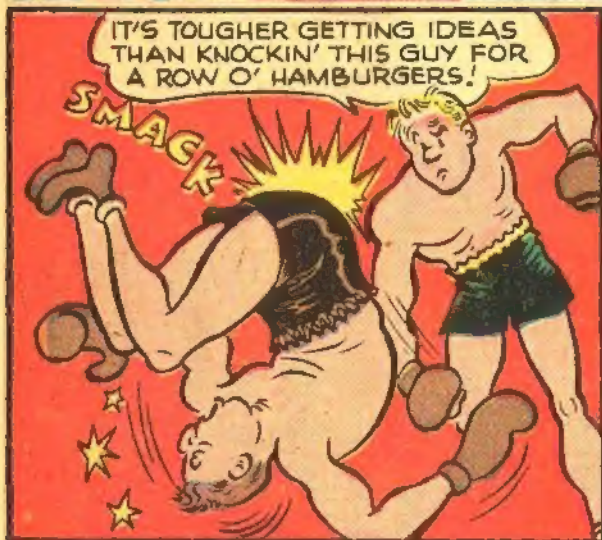
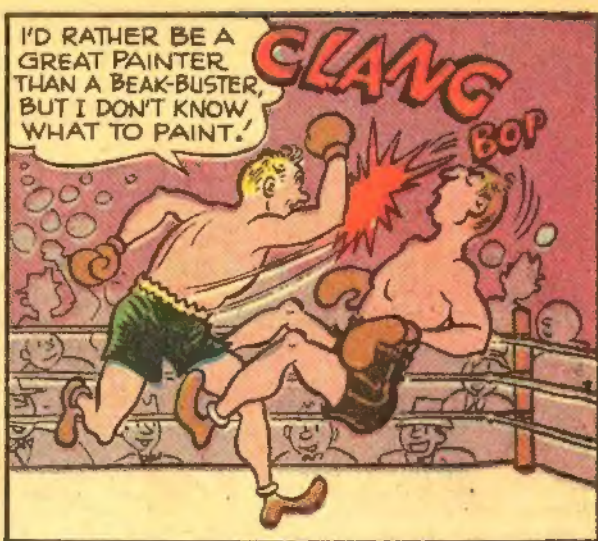
CONGRATULATIONS! A FIGHTING PAL OF THE VIGILANTE IS A PAL OF MINE! YOU'RE A MEMBER OF MY FAN CLUB, AREN'T YOU?

WELL—UH—THAT IS, MR. PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...



YOU BET HE IS!!





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ME?
HE'S
MODEST,
DESPITE
HIS
MANY
HONORS.

HIS HERO:



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